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REVIEWS

Transatlantic Sketches; comprising Visits to the most interesting Scenes in North and South America, and the West Indies. With Notes on Negro Slavery and Canadian Emigration. By Capt. J. E. Alexander. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

We never felt more perplexed than in considering how we should characterize these two pleasant, desultory, gossiping, galloping volumes. Capt. Alexander is known to our readers by a former work,† in which there was evidence enough of post-horse speed; but here is an account of sixteen thousand miles travelled over in a twelvemonth! Having seen a good deal of the old world, the Captain resolved on a visit to the new; he embarks forthwith for South America, spends some time among the planters of Guiana, boats it up the Essequibo, pushes into the back woods, discourses familiarly first with, and now of, the Indians; and is quite delightful in his descriptions of the mighty forest world, with its caymans, monkeys, piccary hogs, rattle-snakes, leopards, vampires, and other "back settlers." This, indeed, we look upon as by far the most valuable part of his work, and our readers will probably remember that, early in the last year, we gave more than one abstract of the Captain's papers, read at the Geographical Society, relating to this expedition. From Guiana he started for Barbadoes, visited Tobago, Trinidad, Jamaica, and half a dozen other West India Islands—thence crossed to Cuba, and after, as he states, "seeing many strange sights, and hearing many strange tales, which are faithfully recorded," he pushed on to New Orleans, sailed up the Mississippi, journeyed partly on foot and partly in waggons through Tennessee and Kentucky, proceeded up the Ohio to Wheeling in Virginia, crossed to Lake Erie, visited Niagara, passed over Lake Ontario to York in Upper Canada, thence to Kingston, and by the Ottawa to Bytown, descended that river to Montreal, embarked there for Quebec, whence—but we are positively out of breath at the mere recital, and may therefore pause to state, that he here "collected much information relating to the condition of the Canadian emigrants, and visited various interesting scenes"—then proceeded to New York by Lake Champlain and the Hudson, journeyed to Washington through Philadelphia and Baltimore, and returned to New York, where he embarked for Liverpool. We have, in our time, performed some feats in the way of quick travelling, but this beats all we ever heard of; and we look upon ourselves, in comparison with Captain Alexander, as an ordinary jockey compared to Sam Chifney—and we can illustrate this difference, after the Captain's fashion, by an anecdote: "She took the breath out of me," said one of the

former the other day at Newmarket, speaking of Camarine. "I never knew a horse that could go fast enough," said the latter in reply; "I should like to be shot right out of a cannon's mouth, to try the effect of it." Now, the Captain, we think, must have been shot out of a cannon's mouth, and may therefore take precedence of us and all other travellers. But, jesting aside, there is no giving an idea of this desultory book but in words of general criticism; it is pleasant, and abounding in anecdotes; these latter, however, are not always new, nor, we suspect, always true; but the Captain tells the tale as it was told to him—indeed, the greater part of the information in his work must have been received from others, and cannot be considered as the result of his own observation. We shall now select a few passages for extract, and here again we are perplexed: there are three great divisions in the work—South America, the West Indies, and North America. Into the first, our reports of the Geographical have given some insight; the second is less to our taste; we shall, therefore, dip into the third.

There is a great deal of information, how collected is inconceivable, relating to the Texas territory, which the Captain describes as fertile, abounding in fine streams, with a delightful climate, and as promising to be a very prosperous country; one drawback to Arkansas, on the shore of the opposite river, is strange, and scarcely credible.

"The Red River, a noble stream (flowing into the Mississippi, and affording an outlet to the fertile tract along its southern bank in Texas) is interrupted by a dangerous raft of timber, now eighty miles long by thirty broad; this is constantly ascending the river, increasing in size by the addition of countless logs after the floods, inundating the country, and distressing the settlers in Arkansas. Plans have been submitted to Congress, to get rid (in part) of this great impediment to the prosperity of Arkansas. As yet there are no settlers on the Texas side of the Red River. A steam-boat from the Mississippi passed the raft last year.

As anecdotes are always pleasant, and often more illustrative of manners than direct essays, we shall give one or two upon duelling. The following conversation took place at New Orleans:—

"Are duels still common in the Western country?" I enquired of a respectable gentleman I met one day at dinner. "Yes, they are," answered he: "and originate most frequently in electioneering squabbles, and people libelling one another in the papers, which are sometimes filled with little else than personal abuse and advertisements. Though now rencontres in which a number are engaged at once, are less frequent, yet one took place not long ago, after a hotly-contested election in a Western State. There were six combatants on each side, and they attacked one another with swords, pistols, and daggers with the most savage fury; three were left dead on the field, and almost all the rest were wounded: the weaker party fled."

The Captain appears to have been curious on this subject: he made similar inquiries of a Kentuckian.

"In your part of Kentucky, are there any duels now?"

"Yes, we've sometimes a little rifle and buck-shot practice, but not so often as I remember in my younger days. In our town, a duel took place a short time ago, which gave us a good deal of amusement. The parties were a doctor and a lawyer, who had quarrelled at a horse-race; they agreed to fight next morning with rifles, in a copse of thirty acres of trees and brushwood, and take every advantage, like the Indians. Accordingly, the lawyer, to make sure of his man, went out of town at night and lay in a copse till morning, with the rifle pointed over a log towards the road, by which he expected his antagonist to come. The day dawned, and the sun rose, still no doctor appeared; the lawyer was beginning to think that his enemy had taken fright and declined the combat, and he was getting up to return to town to proclaim the poltroon, when he heard a stick break behind him, and looking up, he saw the doctor's rifle presented within ten feet of his head. The lawyer forthwith called a parley, and was allowed to go off into the wood to try again; away he went, and looking about he found a hollow tree, in it he ensconced himself, and remained quiet for some time, when, hearing no noise, he ventured to look out with one eye, when "crack" went a rifle from some bushes in front of him, and the bark of the tree was knocked off by a ball, within an inch or two of his head. He saw smoke, but no doctor, and therefore, could not return the fire; he accordingly called another parley. The doctor, who had been often out with Indians, now showed himself, and agreed to make up the quarrel. They returned to town and had a horn together, and we had a good laugh at the lawyer."

A Stage Coach Driver.

"After a sojourn of three days at Nashville, I started for Louisville, Falls of Ohio, Kentucky, and was driven by the first man I had heard sing, since I had entered the States. But a jolly dog was this charioteer, and of some humour. 'You were capsize the other day, Mr. Driver?' said one of our passengers. 'Yes, I reckon I was, but nobody was hurt. The tongue of the pole broke in going down a hill, and I was afraid of running down to the bottom of it; so I told the passengers to sit still, for I was only going to upset them! They sat quiet, and I turned them over on a bank and stopped the horses.' The Americans in general have little music in their souls, and as yet it is uncommon for an American gentleman to sing as it is for a Turkish effendi; the first considers it an accomplishment by which nothing is to be got, and the last thinks it disreputable either to sing or dance, and is content to pay for hired performers."

If the Captain met but one singing-man, he met but one beggar in the States, and that is a much more interesting fact.

"At Wheeling, I saw the first beggar and the last that I met in the States. Need I say more to attest the abundance of food and employment there is in this prosperous country? The beggar I speak of was a stout and well-dressed woman. She walked boldly into the room, and held out a hand which had been maimed in a cotton-mill. 'You see that!' said she bluntly. 'I do.'—'You'll give me something for it, I guess?'—'I reckon I will if you don't make a

† See Athenæum, 1830, No. 153, p. 613.

demand.—“Umph!” she replied, without thanking me for my mite, and without moving. ‘Well, what are you waiting for? have you not got enough?’—‘No; have you got nothing in your pocket for me?’ addressing another person in the room. I was so provoked by her rudeness and unusual way of asking charity, that I took her gently by the shoulder and showed her the outside of the door. People are not yet accustomed to the trade of begging in the States.”

One of his fellow travellers was “a lusty, good-tempered, backwoods sheriff,” who thus reported of himself and his office:—

“The worthy sheriff went on to state how he was obliged to be his own thief-taker and executioner; the pursuits he had had after horse-stealers; their desperate resistance with their knives before they would allow themselves to be taken; the satisfaction he had in flogging with a cow-skin, a fellow who weighed two hundred, who had long eluded him, and had often ‘broken away from him like a quarter-horse;’ how he administered the thirty-nine scientifically, sinking the instrument into the skin and jerking it towards him till the culprit roared like a buffalo, with pain; how he paddled negroes, strapped them over a log, and punished them with a board full of gimlet-holes, so that every stroke raised blisters which took a month to heal.”

As a set-off against some incivilities of which English travellers complain, we shall quote the following:—

“A drunken fellow of a blacksmith commenced a series of abuse of Old England, ‘a land of slaves, with a despotic Government!’ I let him run on without interruption, for I wished to hear the notions of the lower classes of Americans regarding our noble country; but when an eastern passenger, in the usual course of guessing and asking questions, learned to what country I belonged, he, as well as the other passengers, insisted on Vulcan’s making an apology, which he did, whilst the others hoped that I would not take offence at what had happened, or conceive a bad impression of their country, from the ignorance and bad manners of one man.”

Another short anecdote relating to a somewhat more important person than the blacksmith, may not be uninteresting:—

“Some time ago an Englishman was proceeding up the Hudson, and after spending a night of discomfort on board, in the morning was desirous of refreshing himself by performing his ablutions. He inquired where he could wash, and was directed to a recess, where he saw basins in use, and rapidly passing from hand to hand. He saw also a looking-glass, on one side of which hung a brush by a string, and on the other a comb, which were applied indiscriminately to the ‘haffet locks’ of the citizens. He was rather disgusted with this strange scene, and despaired of being able to secure a basin before the breakfast-bell rang, when at last a passenger, who had just washed, turning round, saw the distress of the John Bull, and immediately emptied his basin, poured a little pure water into it from the cock, and laying it down on the slab, pointed to it and made a low bow to the Englishman, who thanked the stranger for his civility, and gladly availed himself of it.

“At breakfast time the Englishman related to a *compagnon du voyage* what had happened previously, and added—‘I see opposite to us the gentleman who behaved so civilly to me, and so unlike the others; I wonder who he can be!’—‘Why,’ answered his friend, ‘I have just learned that that is the ex-King of Spain, Joseph Buonaparte!’”

We are not sure that by this selection of

mere anecdotes we have done the Captain justice, and may therefore again refer to his work.

LIBRARY OF ROMANCE. VOL. V.

The Bondman; a Story of the Times of Wat Tyler. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

“A romance,” says a great authority, “is a fictitious narrative, the interest of which turns upon marvellous and uncommon incidents.” If this definition be just, the present volume of the ‘Library of Romance’ contains little that can be called romantic; it is rather a dramatic narrative of the rise, progress, and extinction of the insurrection under Cade and Tyler, with which the humble and chequered fortunes of Holgrave, the Bondman of Sir Roland de Boteler, are interwoven. The author has in general observed the leading landmarks of history, of manners, and feelings; the rudeness of the English character had been lately softened by the influence of the gentle and accomplished Queen Philippa and the strains of Chaucer; and our nobles had acquired something like elegance of manners, and displayed something of taste in their mansions. Knowledge, too, was diffusing itself abroad from the seclusion of the cell and cloister. Wicliffe had preached the pure gospel, and opened the sacred volume to the rudest of the multitude—in short, the national spirit, formerly confined to military adventures, began to rouse and bestir itself; and science and arts were cultivated with success, if not with enthusiasm. Times such as these were rife in subjects for romance and minstrel fictions; our author has chosen to take a humbler look at the matter, and has delineated with skill and knowledge the sad condition of the hind and serf in those stern days.

The story lies in small compass. Holgrave, the Bondman, weds a young woman of his own condition, of whom Calverley, the steward, is enamoured; the latter vows vengeance, and conducts his plot so well, that he has, first, the mother-in-law of his rival tried, and all but condemned, for a witch—whence arises strife between the powers civil and religious—secondly, he manages to have Holgrave suspected of deer-stealing, for which he is degraded from his free condition, thereby occasioning a fierce quarrel between the higher and lower orders—and thirdly, he insults and oppresses him till the exasperated Bondman, in a moment of passion, steals his master’s only son, a babe, from the cradle; takes refuge in the forest of Dean, and unites himself with his friends, the Monk John Ball and Wat Tyler, when they raise the peasants against their lords. The insurrection ends sadly for some of the leaders, but well for Holgrave; his innocence of the accusations which first degraded him are made manifest, and he is restored to the favour of Sir Roland, and to his station in society; while Calverley and other plotters are discovered to be guilty, and punished either bodily or mentally. The chief merits of the work lie in the minute and graphic details of the feelings, passions, opinions, and events, which agitated the household and neighbourhood of De Boteler, and in the spirit of freedom, springing from small things and spreading itself over the land, and speaking through the mouths of blacksmiths, sailors, masons, and hinds. There are many characters—too many perhaps—many scenes

intensely serious, or inclining to the mirthful, and many deeds done, of cruelty and kindness, of generosity and love. We must make room for a sample or so of the work: the feelings of Holgrave, as he stood at night by the ruins of the cottage, out of which the machinations of Calverley had unjustly ejected him, are well described:—

“All without the cottage, as well as within, was darkness and gloom. Perhaps, if the beauty of moonlight had met his view, he might have turned sickening away to the sadness of his own abode; but, as it was, the dreariness of the scene accorded with the feelings, which seemed bursting from his heart, and he rushed on in the darkness, heedless of the path he took. As if led by some instinct, he found himself upon the black ruins of his once happy home. No hand had touched the scattered, half-consumed materials, which had composed the dwelling; the black but substantial beams still lay as they had fallen. Perhaps, his was the first foot that pressed the spot since the night it blazed forth, a brilliant beacon, to warn the base-hearted what an injured man might dare. The fire had scathed the tree that had sheltered the cottage, but the seat he had raised beneath it yet remained entire. He sat down on the bench, and raised his eyes to the heavens; the wind came in sudden gusts, drifting the thick clouds across the sky; for a moment a solitary star would beam in the dark concave, and then another cloud would pass on, and the twinkling radiance would be lost. He gazed a few minutes on the clouded sky, and thought on all he had suffered and all he had lost: his last fond hope was now snatched away; and he cursed De Boteler, as at once the degrader of the father and destroyer of the child. But a strange feeling arose in his mind as a long hollow-sounding gust swept past him; it came from the ruin beside him—from the spot he had made desolate; and, as he looked wistfully round, he felt a sudden throbbing of his heart, and a quickened respiration. In a few minutes his indefinite terror became sufficiently powerful to neutralize every other sensation. He arose—he could not remain another instant; he could scarcely have passed the night there under the influence of his present feelings, had it even been the price of his freedom. He hurried down the path that led from the place where he had stood, and at every step his heart felt relieved; and, as the distance increased, his superstitious fears died away, and gradually gloom and sorrow possessed him as before.”

The following is in a gayer spirit—it requires no explanation.

“A little after night-fall, the beautiful widow of the Black Prince sat in the oriel window of the hall, alternately looking with a mother’s eyes upon her son, who was sporting with some of the young nobles, and then again turning to the window to listen for the approach of the citizens. She wore a small conical cap of gold tissue, terminated by a narrow band of purple velvet, closely studded with diamonds, beneath which her hair, soft and glossy as in her girlhood, was parted on the forehead, and fell back on her shoulders in rather a waving mass, than distinct curls. Her dress was composed of a petticoat and bodice of saffron-coloured damasked satin, with long hanging sleeves. The bodice sat close to the bust, and was confined up the front by twelve gold studs. A girdle of purple and gold, fastened by a buckle radiant with gems, encircled her waist; and the full long-trained petticoat, beneath which the sharp points of the poleyn, or gold-embroidered shoe, was just visible, was clasped in the front at equal distances by two rose-jewels. A mantle of purple velvet, confined on each shoulder by a diamond brooch, fell in rich folds at her back.

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"While she was listening and wondering at the lateness of the hour, the hall door was suddenly thrown open, and a blaze of light, and a strain of melody, burst simultaneously upon her senses. A dozen minstrels, gaily attired with timbrels, cornets, sackbuts, and other instruments, preceded by as many youths, carrying large wax tapers or torch-lights, formed into a double rank in the hall; in the middle of which passed the city pageant. The lord mayor was at its head, habited as an emperor, in a tunic of cloth of gold, tastefully embroidered with black eagles, and the sleeves, which hung full, confined at the wrist and just below the elbow, by bands of black velvet, on which eagles were represented by small pearls. A mantle of black velvet lined with minever, or powdered ermine, floated from his shoulder. On his right hand was a citizen attired as the pope. Then followed the twenty-four aldermen in the dress of cardinals; then forty-eight in the gowns of say and red cloaks of esquires;—others in the purple robe, lined with fur, peculiar to the knight; while some, still more ambitious, wore the emblazoned surcoat of a baron."

There is considerable talent displayed in the work; but events are huddled too fast on one another, and the characters are so numerous, that the author must have experienced difficulty in finding them all employment. The characters of John Ball, Holgrave, and Wat Tyler, are drawn with some force; we are not sure that justice is done to the latter in making him become extravagant and ambitious towards the close of his career. The author is, on some occasions, unfortunate in his historical allusions: "It was not till the reign of James the First," he says, "that we find any legislative enactment against witchcraft." This is not true: before the reign of James, "Witchcraft," says Gifford, in his sarcastic Introduction to the plays of Ford, "had been the terror of the English people for many centuries. Under the Catholic princes sorcerers and witches were hanged and burned, *secundum artem*, by the Church, as heretics; scarcely had the Reformation taken place when Henry VIII. reclaimed the victims for the civil law, and passed the act making witchcraft felony. This, of course, fell into disuse under Mary, who had bloodier and more agreeable business on hand; but scarcely was Elizabeth seated on the throne, when she was assailed on all sides by some of the principal clergy and laity, who reminded her that 'witches and sorcerers were wonderfully increasing, and that her Majesty's subjects pined away until dead.' 'Her Majesty, and the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled,' made witchcraft once more felony."

Sketches in Greece and Turkey: with the Present Condition and Future Prospects, of the Turkish Empire.

[Second Notice.]

We return to this clever unpretending volume, that we may enliven our pages with a few more of its pleasant sketches. Our first will be a visit to General Giavella, generalissimo of Western Greece, under the Capodistrian government:—

"Giavella is one of the most interesting characters which have been elicited by the excitement of the revolution. A Suliote by birth, and son to the brave hero and heroine who so long defended their mountain strongholds against the celebrated Albanese tyrant, he inherits the indomitable spirit and uncalculating bravery

of his country and his parents. He is now about forty years of age, low in stature, but remarkably well made; his black hair flows down upon his shoulders after the manner of his tribe, and his dark eye and handsome features have an habitual expression of gaiety and liveliness which is very pleasing, mingled with a something which bespeaks great occasional excitability. Brave to excess, noble, kind-hearted, and indefatigable, he has always been one of the most influential and important leaders in the Greek cause, and is a general favourite with his countrymen. Even those most opposed to him in politics, I have heard speak of him with tenderness and respect. He has distinguished himself on many occasions, especially at the battle near Navarino, where he and Constantine Botzari fought side by side, long after their followers had been driven from the field by the superior tactics of the Egyptians. But it is his noble defence of Missalonghi which has brought him the most enduring fame. We heard many of the particulars from his own lips. After sustaining a ten months' siege, and seeing all their hopes of relief destroyed one by one, the garrison, after suffering terribly from famine, came to the heroic resolution of cutting their way through the Turkish army. Favoured by a dark night, they divided into three detachments, and left the ruined walls they had so long and so gallantly defended. The first division, with Giavella at its head, forced its way with little loss; the second also escaped, though it suffered dreadfully in the struggle; but the third, encumbered with the women and children, was forced back into the town, and the Turks entering it along with them, they were all cut to pieces; and when I visited the place, their whitened skulls were lying in a heap near the ramparts where they fell.

In vain their bones unburied lie—
All earth becomes their monument."

Our next extract is an interesting account of the death of George Mavromichaelis, the assassin of Capodistrias, and of a visit to his Father Pietro Bey:—

"It was one of the regulations of the constitution, that no senator should absent himself from the seat of government without the permission of the president. Pietro Bey had occasion to visit his property in Maina, and demanded leave of absence for this purpose. It was refused; and the haughty old chief, little accustomed to have his motions controlled by the caprice of another, left Nauplia, in high indignation, and took the road to Maina. Capodistrias had him arrested, brought back to Nauplia, and lodged in a dungeon in the lofty fortress of Palamede, which commands the town. Here the old man was confined for many months, notwithstanding the repeated entreaties and remonstrances of his friends, some of which were couched in language which should have opened the eyes of the president, acquainted as he was with the desperate character of the people with whom he had to do, to the probable fate which awaited him in the event of his refusing to listen to the voice of warning.

"George Mavromichaelis was the second son of Pietro Bey, and, though not a military man, had served his country with equal devotion to her cause and credit to himself, and in 1825 was elected a deputy to the general congress. His personal appearance was singularly prepossessing: his features were peculiarly national. * * * On the whole, George Mavromichaelis was one of the handsomest men to be met with, even in a land unrivalled in specimens of manly beauty. His mental endowments were scarcely inferior to his personal appearance. * * * His mind was rather of a serious cast, but all his sentiments were noble and aspiring. His heart was uncommonly susceptible of the deeper and softer affections; and his attachment to his father, and all the members of his family, was very strong.

"Far freer than the generality of the Greeks from selfish motives or personal ambition, he was formed to be an ornament and an honour to his country; and if a higher and sterner morality forbids us to applaud the last service which he rendered it, we must remember that the ideas of justice of a half-civilised people are not fashioned after our standard; and, while we condemn the crime which terminated his career, we may still allow ourselves to admire the gallant youth who sacrificed himself, in the flower of his age, to deliver his father from an oppressive enemy, and his country from one whom he regarded as a tyrant.

"One Sunday morning, in October 1831 the president left his house to attend public worship in the principal church of Nauplia. As he approached the door, followed by a few guards, the people respectfully made way for him to pass, when a pistol-shot was heard, and Count John Capodistrias fell into the arms of his nearest attendants, and expired almost immediately. The by-standers all started back at the report, and George Mavromichaelis and his uncle stood forth the obvious perpetrators of the deed. The latter was instantly cut down by a one-armed man, who had been long attached to the president's person; but George escaped by the assistance of some of the crowd, and took refuge in the house of the French consul, by whom, however he was a few days after given up to the proper authorities. Augustin Capodistrias, brother of the deceased president, procured a decree of the senate that the murderer should be tried by a court martial. Mavromichaelis was brought to trial, and sentenced to be shot.

"Early on the morning appointed for his execution, he was led out on the ramparts which face the north-east, by a small detachment of the regular troops, or *tacticali*, as they are called. He seemed little changed either by his confinement or his situation; his tread was as firm and manly, and his countenance as dignified and peaceful, as when he was honoured, happy, and free. He stepped a few paces from his executioners, who were drawn out to receive him, and looked at them for a moment or two with unmoved composure. He showed no weakness—made no confession—asked no delay—refused the bandage with which they wished to hide from him the stroke of death—then, extending his arms towards the assembled multitude, he exclaimed, 'Fellow-countrymen, farewell! I die unjustly,—but I die for my country!—Soldiers, fire!' The men fired—their unfortunate victim sunk without a struggle or a groan, and his gallant spirit passed away to its last account. Peace be with the ashes of this brave young Greek! He lived the life of a patriot, and died the death of a hero; and his memory will long be cherished alike by the friends whom he loved so tenderly, and the country which he served so well.

"What must have been the sensations of the agonized father, as from his dungeon, in the overhanging rock, he listened to the volley of musketry which terminated the earthly career of his only remaining son, I will not attempt to paint. It seemed to be acknowledged even by his enemies that he had suffered enough. He was shortly after released, and a Russian brig appointed to convey him to Maina. I obtained permission to accompany him.

"As might be expected, the voyage was a melancholy one. The bereaved old man was generally sunk in what Campbell so beautifully calls 'the silent soliloquies of sorrow'; and though every now and then he could be roused when the conversation turned upon some of the scenes in which he had been an actor,—

Yet ever and anon, of grief subdued,
There came a token like the scorpion's sting;
and at such times he would suddenly stop in the middle of a sentence, and relapse into his

former sullen taciturnity; and it was truly heart-breaking to see the deep shade of anguish which passed across his furrowed brow, and the tears of agony which rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks, as the image of his dying son was forced back upon his recollection by some trifling occurrence, or some careless word. There is something in the hopeless, helpless, concentrated sorrow of an old man, that is to me peculiarly affecting. . . .

"We landed at Maina; and Pietro Bey asked us, in a manner which shewed that a refusal would have been painful, to go and share the hospitality of his castle for at least one night. We accordingly accompanied him to his residence. It was situated among a sea of mountains, which rose on every side like waves in a storm. The house itself, like most of the Greek habitations, was poor, old, and ruinous; there were but few trees near it: altogether it was a wild scene, and but for the rich, soft, southern climate, would have seemed bleak and desolate. Our host was received with great respect and evident attachment by all his dependents; and a rude banquet was soon prepared for us. A lamb roasted whole, was placed upon the table, and hares, pigeons, and other wild fowl, were served up in considerable abundance. We were supplied with large flasks of the most generous wines, but all spoiled for a European palate by the quantity of resin which it is usual to put into them.

"When the banquet was over, the venerable chieftain rose from his seat, and, after struggling for a few moments with his feelings, said to us, in a voice tremulous with emotion, 'Strangers, I thank you for having brought me from a place which I must hate for ever, to my own sequestered dwelling. I shall quit it no more, but will die in the habitation of my forefathers. Greece and I are henceforth strangers—I will mingle no more in her affairs. I have sacrificed to her everything I had; my enemies have made me childless, and nothing now is left to me but lonely, hopeless, tearless desolation.' He spoke these few words with a passionate burst of grief, then sunk down on his seat, and covered his face with his hands. We respected his sorrows, and were silent."

We shall now conclude with an account of the author's visit to Sardis:—

"The ensuing morning we crossed the range of hills known by the name of Mount Tmolus, which is from three to four thousand feet in height, and is crowned at the summit with some of the most magnificent oaks, beeches, and plane-trees, I have ever seen. Even those in our English parks cannot compete with them for size or beauty. We pursued a northerly direction towards Sardis, and after about six hours' riding began to descend a wooded glen, surrounded on every side by vast hills of sand, which are fast crumbling away. On the loftiest of these was situated the capital of Cræsus, of which the foundations and part of the walls still remain. The small stream of the Pactolus, anciently so celebrated for its golden sands, flowed beside our path, sometimes stealing with a scarcely perceptible motion,—at others, leaping from rock to rock with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent. When the descent was finished, we turned eastward, and came suddenly upon the splendid Ionic temple of Cybele, once the chief ornament of the Lydian capital. It is scarcely possible to conceive a situation of more utter loneliness. The valley was still narrow,—the sandhills raised their abrupt and fantastic forms on each side of it,—and the Pactolus murmured along almost to the foot of the prostrate columns. A few yards further you can see the point at which the valley opens into the vast plain of Sardis, dignified by the classical remembrances connected with the tomb of Alyattes, and the Lake of Gyges; and enlivened by the black tents of the wandering Turcomans, and the numbers

of camels, sheep, and goats, which were feeding around them. It was a soft summer's afternoon, and the air had been freshened by the morning's rain. The place was as silent as nature may be. No sound reached us but the murmuring of the brook below,—the faint sighing of the evening breeze amid the tall poplars which grew along its banks,—and the occasional bleating of some young goat which had missed its mother, and fancied itself an orphan. The columns, and capitals, and cornices of this glorious temple were lying around, unbroken though fallen, and still as beautiful and perfect as on the day they were first fashioned from the shapeless marble, and received their homage of admiration from the multitude assembled to witness their erection. It seems as though the works of man have more of the impress of eternity upon them in these mild climates than European art may aspire to. There is no gradual corrosion to wear away their fair proportions; century rolls on after century, and leaves them as it found them, still beautiful, still young; if armies and earthquakes have forborne to injure, time is equally magnanimous; and the architect, as he looked with the exultation of successful genius on the splendid edifices he had created, might say without bombast or hyperbole, 'I have laboured for eternity!'

"In the middle of the last century, when this place was visited by Dr. Chandler, five columns were still erect. These are now reduced to two. The other three appear to have been dislodged by an earthquake; but as they have not been broken by their fall, they might easily be replaced in their former situation. The temple is Ionic, and is almost the only, and by far the most perfect specimen of the order extant. The capitals are beautifully carved, and the ornaments vary in each.

"The site of the ancient Sardis is now quite desolate. Only two families of shepherds reside there, and their wretched hovels are lost in the surrounding ruins. Of the ancient city of Cræsus there is now no vestige; but the remains of the Roman town which succeeded it, are still numerous and interesting. The description of them is beyond the humble pretensions of this little work; and, indeed, it would be difficult to add anything to the careful and elaborate details given by Colonel Leake. I examined them, however, with interest and attention, and then returned with my companions to the neighbourhood of the temple, where we pitched our tent, probably, as we would fain flatter ourselves, at no great distance from the spot where Solon and Cræsus held their famous colloquy."

Godolphin: a Novel. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

"This Tale," says the author, "is woven from real events; and he who gives it to the world has undertaken the task of compiler, rather than that of author. Its tendency appears to be, to show the influences which the great world exerts over the more intellectual, the more daring, and the more imaginative of its inmates of either sex. It has some connexion with the social and political history of the times." This is a curious way of introducing a story: the story itself is still a greater curiosity: it is a singular mixture of love, politics, gossip, gambling, satire, prophecy, and astrology. A gentleman of old blood and great talents, while on his death-bed, causes his only child, Constance Vernon, to vow that she will avenge his wrongs, real and imaginary, on the deceitful aristocracy of his country: another old man, about the same time, dies in another part of the kingdom, bequeathing his poverty and resentments to his only son Godolphin,

who gives the name to the work. These male and female orphans grow up to the proper stature of heroes and heroines—are the wonder of all who see them—and become miracles of beauty and talent. We see at once that they are much too brilliant for this dull and ungracious world, and doomed, in short, to become splendidly wretched. Now, there are various ways of achieving wretchedness: in Germany, Goethe brought a philosopher from his studies, and the devil from his burning throne, to work the wo of one poor maiden; so stubborn is virtue on that side of the ocean: here we have sundry modes of accomplishing it; but the way it is brought about in this novel is really something new, and an improvement on the German plan. Godolphin and Constance meet, fall in love, "all goes merry as a marriage-bell," and they are in a fair way of concluding the matter in the church, when the heroine recollects that she vowed a vow to pull down, as far as her strength could, the proud aristocracy of England: acting in the spirit of this vow, she refuses to wed Godolphin because she loves him, but marries Lord Erpingham, because she observes that he is a very proper person, being far descended, rich, and so forth, to try the benevolent experiment on, recommended by her father. Let us take a look at this female puller down of the nobility of old England: behold her picture by the pencil of the author:—

"Meanwhile, Constance Vernon grew up in womanhood and beauty. All around her contributed to feed that stern remembrance which her father's dying words had bequeathed. Naturally proud, quick, susceptible, she felt slights, often merely incidental, with a deep and brooding resentment. The forlorn and dependent girl could not, indeed, fail to meet with many bitter proofs that her situation was not forgotten by a world, in which prosperity and station are the cardinal virtues. Many a loud whisper, many an intentional 'aside,' reached her haughty ear, and coloured her pale cheek. Such accidents increased her early-formed asperity of thought; chilled the gushing flood of her young affections; and sharpened, with a relentless edge, her bitter and caustic hatred to an aristocracy she deemed at once insolent and worthless. To a taste intuitively fine and noble, the essential vulgarities;—the fierceness to-day; the cringing to-morrow; the veneration for power; the indifference to virtue, which characterized the framers and rulers of 'society,'—could not but bring contempt as well as anger; and amidst the brilliant circles, to which so many aspirers looked up with hopeless ambition, Constance moved only to ridicule, to loathe, to despise.

"So strong, so constantly nourished, was this sentiment of contempt, that it lasted with equal bitterness when Constance afterwards became the queen and presider over that great world in which she now shone, to dazzle, but not to rule. What at first might have seemed an exaggerated and insane prayer, on the part of her father, grew, as her experience ripened, a natural and laudable command. She resolved to humble the crested arrogance around her, as much from her own desire, as from the wish to obey and revenge her father. From this contempt for rank rose naturally the ambition of rank. The young beauty resolved to banish love from her heart; to devote herself to one aim and object; to win title and station, that she might be able to give power and permanence to her disdain of those qualities in others; and in the secrecy of night she repeated the vow which had consoled her father's death-bed, and solemnly resolved to crush love within her heart, and marry solely for station and for power."

The nobleman whose haughtiness she undertook to humble was a good civil sort of person—mild, gentle, and indulgent—here is his likeness:—

"Lord Erpingham was of that description of person which men always say, 'What a prodigiously-fine fellow!' He was above six feet high—stout in proportion: not, indeed, accurately formed, nor graceful in bearing, but quite as much so as a man of six feet high need be. He had a manly complexion of brown, yellow, and red. His whiskers were exceedingly large, black, and well-arranged. His eyes, as I have before said, were round, large, and hazel; they were also unmeaning. His teeth were good; and his nose, neither aquiline nor Grecian, was yet a very showy nose upon the whole. All the maid-servants admired him; and you felt, in looking at him, that it was a pity to lose so good a grenadier."

It is lamentable, however, to reflect, that Constance neglects her vow to her father: lives as wives usually live, and, though she is in the neighbourhood of eminent doctors, never thinks of ratsbane nor any other cordial—nay, she even neglects to employ for his destruction that little emissary her tongue, and actually permits him to ride out and break his neck without having any hand in his death. She now thinks she has done enough to free her from her vows; seven years only have elapsed since her marriage, and she is improved in beauty as well as fortune; and, as some one remarks her weeds don't become her, she thinks of Godolphin. It is more than time: he has entangled himself in the meshes of a certain Italian sorceress called Lucilla, who has the address to persuade him that she can

Feel the pulses of the stars,

and reads him a strange lecture on love and destiny. While he is loitering about Italian abours, and straying in grottos with this foreign beauty, Lady Erpingham makes her appearance: he knows not well what to do, and so does the very thing he ought not to have done—he marries his first love, and makes his second wretched. The poor Italian sorceress dies: Godolphin mounts his horse, gallops out on a strange road in a dark night, and in the morning is fished out of the deepest pool in a neighbouring river, to the great grief of his disconsolate widow.

Now, though we are no admirers of an improbable tale, we are not insensible to the charms pertaining to this singular fiction: there is some good satire—some good dramatic situations—and much clever delineation of character about it. The want of unity is partly concealed by lively dialogues, and by sudden transitions, not only of place, but of passion and manners. The character of Fanny, the actress, is cleverly drawn, and is, no doubt, from the life; but our favourite is Saville—a man of the town, and related to Godolphin: his death-scene is quite a masterpiece:—

"Now, tell me, my good sir, how many hours more can you keep in this—this breath?"

"The doctor looked at Godolphin."

"I understand you," said Saville; "you are shy on these points. Never be shy, my good fellow, it is inexcusable after twenty; besides, it is a bad compliment to my nerves; a gentleman is prepared for every event. Sir, it is only a *roturier* whom death or any thing else takes by surprise. How many hours, then, can I live?"

"Not many, I fear, sir: perhaps until day-break."

"My day breaks about twelve o'clock P.M.," said Saville, as drily as his gasps would let him. "Very well;—give me the cordial;—don't let me go to sleep—I don't want to be cheated out of a minute. So, so! I am better. You may withdraw, doctor. Let my spaniel come up. Bustle, Bustle!—poor fellow! poor fellow! Lie down, sir! be quiet! And now, Godolphin, a few words in farewell. I always liked you greatly; you know you were my *protégé*, and you have turned out well. You have not been led away by the vulgar *bourgeois* passions of politics, and place, and power. You have had power over power itself; you have not office, but you have fashion. You have made the greatest match in England; very prudently not marrying Constance Vernon, very prudently marrying Lady Erpingham. You are at the head and front of society; you have excellent taste, and spend your wealth properly. All this must make your conscience clear—a wonderful consolation! Always keep a sound conscience, it is a great blessing on one's death-bed—it is a great blessing to me in this hour, for I have played my part decently—eh? I have enjoyed life, as much as so dull a possession can be enjoyed; I have loved, gamed, drunk, but I have never lost my character as a gentleman: thank Heaven, I have no remorse of that sort! Follow my example to the last, and you will die as easily. I have left you my correspondence and my journal: you may publish them, if you like; if not, burn them. They are full of amusing anecdotes; but I don't care for fame, as you well know—especially posthumous fame. Do as you please, then, with my literary remains. Take care of my dog—'tis a good creature; and let me be quietly buried. No bad taste—no ostentation—no epitaph. I am very glad I die before the d—d Revolution that must come: I don't want to take wine with the Member for Holborn Bars. You think differently: with all my heart: toleration is a gentleman's motto. I am a type of a system: I expire before the system: my death is the herald of its fall."

As an instance how curiously different matters are mixed in this story, we may advert to the heading of some of the chapters: "Chap. XVI. The Empire of Time and of Love." "Chap. XVIII. Lord John Russell brings forward the Bill!" The action of the tale extends from the days of Lord Castle-reagh to those of Lord Althorp, and there are many bitter allusions to the conduct of the titled orders, and hints of their approaching downfall.

History of Moral Science. By Robert Blakey. Edinburgh: Bell & Bradfute; London: Duncan.

The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings. By J. Abercrombie, M.D., &c. London: Murray.

The works before us are very different in merit and pretension, and the former is in the inverse ratio of the latter. Unassuming in their form, and moderate in their claims, Mr. Blakey's volumes are a valuable addition to the practical science of mind: ambitious in appearance, and dogmatic in manner, Dr. Abercrombie's work possesses little real utility. It can scarcely be deemed superfluous, if we preface our observations on both treatises with a few remarks on the subject they discuss.

When Cicero, in one of the finest passages that ever came from uninspired tongue or pen, exclaimed, "Non est hæc judices scripta, sed nata lex," he enunciated the proposition, by our belief in which must be measured our

value of ethical science. Is there, superior to all codes, and antecedent to all customs, a law, or a system of laws, claiming of right to rule our actions and direct our conduct? Or, are what we commonly call the "natural rules of right and wrong," nothing more than the result of circumstances, originating in accident, preserved by imitation, and owing their influence to successive imitations? It is clear that our adoption of the latter opinion must lead to the inference that all nations and all generations with which we are acquainted have combined to propagate a falsehood, for all have made this natural standard a matter of final appeal in judging of legislation; and we find reference made to the same standard even in the law given from Mount Sinai. A *reason* is assigned for many of the institutions divinely given to the Jews, or in other words, the preceptive law is declared to be in accordance with natural suggestions. It is unnecessary to say anything further in proof of the general belief that "a natural law" exists; but here our difficulties commence: the notions attached to the phrases used in reference to this law are vague and indeterminate; a dozen men will tell you that a particular action is contrary to natural justice, but no two of them will agree in the definition of what is "natural" and what is "just." Now, *science* simply means knowledge, and it is necessary to knowledge that things should be known. This is in sound a truism, but in sense a truth, frequently and fatally neglected. The first and most obvious difficulty, then, that meets the ethical investigator, is the habit to which he, in common with others, has been a slave, that of resting satisfied with loose and inaccurate notions of ethical terms. A still greater difficulty meets him when he proceeds to search into principles, a difficulty which in fact dwells in the investigator himself, and is, his very self, his affections and his passions. These impediments are even greater in moral than in mental science; though our intellectual faculties are less frequently and far less intensely exercised than our motive powers, yet every man is much better acquainted with the laws of thought than of action, and can give a far more intelligible account of the operations of his reason than of his will. Hence, while ethical principles are hourly made the subject of reference, ethics themselves remain the most difficult and unpopular part of intellectual science.

Mr. Blakey has clearly seen that a philosophical system of ethics can only be formed by induction, and though it be not in our power to confirm every step of our reasoning by a decisive experiment, repeated at pleasure, yet he regards the history of mankind as a repository of experiments, by which we may approximate to the truth. He does not think the investigation of moral science a matter quite so simple as Dr. Abercrombie supposes it; and hence he has deemed research to be as important in the investigation of the science, as original thought and patient reflection.

Science is something more than simple knowledge—it is knowledge methodized and organized into such a form that it may be *knowable*. For this purpose, the philosopher endeavours to discover some common principle pervading the several facts, or else he invents some hypothesis or supposed principle

by which they may all be connected. The system founded either on the fact or the hypothesis is called a Theory, because it enables us to take a general view of the subject. There may be a countless number of suppositions, and, consequently, there may be innumerable theories; but we have a test to guide us in choosing between opposite theories, that is, we must select the principle which best explains the phenomena or appearances, of which our senses are cognizable. Here, however, moral science presents a new difficulty, for the phenomena are human actions and their motives; and little need be said to prove the difficulty of discovering

Quod latet arcana non enarrabile fibro

Mr. Blakey has presented us with full and faithful abstracts of the most important theories of morals that have been formed since the days of the great philosopher of Malmesbury, the parent of modern Ethical Science. It is not the least merit of the work that the editor has dared to do justice to the eminent abilities of Hobbes, whose name has been made a mockery and a reproach by those who were unable to understand his doctrines, much less appreciate his merits. The charge of infidelity is the ready refuge of every blockhead, who cannot see how original thought can be reconciled with ancient theories, nor in what manner new discoveries are to be amalgamated with old opinions;

*Turpe putant parere minoribus, et que
Imberbi dicere, senes perdenda fateri.*

It was this principle that sent Galileo to the dungeon; and it was this principle that induced Stillingfleet to charge Locke with hostility to Christianity because the Bishop's opinions respecting the resurrection of the body were contradicted by the philosopher's account of personal identity. The example of Mr. Blakey is one that we hope to see followed; in every theory he has been more anxious to point out the good than the evil; and his defence of many whose characters have been maligned, is as generous as it is triumphant.

There is one person whom the Scottish philosophers Reid and Stewart have acquired great fame by opposing; their refutations of Locke's ideal theory have been made the theme of extravagant eulogy by almost all the metaphysicians beyond the Tweed; and yet, as Dr. Brown and Mr. Blakey have decisively shown, they either misunderstood or misrepresented Locke, and refuted, not him, but some creature of their own imaginations.

Mr. Blakey appears to belong to the eclectic school of philosophy; he finds, that in every theory there is something useful; and, though he does not fully develop his own opinions, yet he shows us by example that the ethical student should carefully investigate the various moral theories that have been propounded, and not become the slave of any particular system. We are, ourselves, inclined to eclecticism; we do not think that any single hypothesis fully explains the complex phenomena of motive and action, nor the varied causes that modify choice. Having stated the very great value that we attribute to Mr. Blakey's work, we deem it necessary to mention some points in which we differ from him. The chief of these is his attack on Kant's transcendental aesthetics: without at all denying that Kant's affecta-

tion of mysticism and neology has rendered his works always obscure, and frequently unintelligible, we should except the German philosopher from the severe application of the old rule "*Si non vis intelligi debes negligi.*" The great discovery of Kant was, that Time and Space are laws of ideas, and not modifications of the abstractions, Duration and Expansion,—a discovery that tends greatly to simplify the mysteries of metaphysics. Scant measure of justice is meted to Godwin, whose work is now as undeservedly forgotten as it was once absurdly overrated. Yet 'Political Justice' is one of those works that must be immortal, because it was the first that treated of the moral effect of political institutions, and showed what a great share forms of government have in the determination of national character. Brown is another to whom the eclectic editor concedes but little praise: we regard him as the most original thinker among modern metaphysicians, and rate him intellectually higher than Dugald Stewart; his vicious style and his rage for poetic imagery have greatly weakened the influence he deserves to possess; but when Mr. Blakey was estimating his merits, how did he happen to forget Brown's views of causation? Archbishop King is certainly estimated too highly; the editor is a believer in his theory that "the will of God is the sole foundation of virtue," and therefore is naturally partial to its first propounder; we regard it as the weakest of all the theories, and are, therefore, probably as prejudiced on the other side.

Passing from Mr. Blakey's work, which we for the last time recommend to the lovers of moral science, we turn to Dr. Abercrombie's volume, by which we regret to say that we have been disappointed. There were those who praised his former treatise on metaphysics as a work of which the age might be proud; we were not of the number; it was meagre in thought, though rich in language, for arguments it gave assumptions, and for illustrations trite commonplaces. The present treatise is inferior to that by which it was preceded; it is, in fact, little more than a collection of assertions, and there are few and feeble attempts to support them. The doctor's theory of First Truths is truly the most convenient ever devised by the creator of a system; whenever he is at a loss for a reason, he has only to declare his assertion a first truth, and the matter is settled in a moment. But there is a preliminary step which the doctor has forgotten, he has not proved that any "intuitive articles of moral belief" exist, though surely this was essential before he proceeded to state their nature. He says:—

"For the truth of them we appeal not to any process of reasoning, but to the conviction which forces itself upon every regulated mind. Neither do we go abroad among savage nations to inquire whether the impression of them be universal; for this may be obscured in communities as it is in individuals by a course of moral degradation. We appeal to the casuist himself, whether, in the calm moment of reflection, he can divest himself of their power."

Now, the blunder, or fallacy, call it which you please, lies in the phrase "regulated mind," by which must be meant an instructed mind; by what test are we to discover in such a mind, which are the intuitive, and which the derived articles of belief? Common sense would reply by comparing the creed of

the educated with the creed of the natural mind; but Dr. Abercrombie knows that such a test would at once overturn his theory, and therefore protests against it, by declaring ignorance of those truths a proof of moral degradation.

When we consider the great importance of ethical science, it may justly fill us with astonishment to find that it forms so small a part of education in our public seminaries and universities. Young men are taught everything but their duties as men and citizens, and the obligations that bind them to society. One cause of this may be, that we have not a popular introduction to the study of ethics in our language; the materials indeed of such a work are to be found scattered over many well-known volumes, but the nearest approach to a useful guide for ethical students is the article 'Moral Philosophy' in Tegg's Encyclopædia.

Fragments of Voyages and Travels. By Captain Basil Hall.

[Second Notice.]

THE "pleasantest journey" of Capt. Hall's life, which we quoted last week, was also the most opportune, for it has furnished a delightful chapter to rather a dull book. With all our acknowledged liking for the Captain, we cannot say much in praise of the present work. The first volume is an abstract of the History of the East India Company, and the last, of the outfitting of a ship—neither subject having much interest for the general reader. In the second volume, however, he pays a visit to Ceylon—travels across the peninsula of Hindustan, and gives us some pleasant sketches in his own inimitable manner. There is one chapter, entitled, 'The Surf at Madras,' in which the scene is brought as vividly before the reader, as in Mr. Daniell's clever panorama. We cannot quote the whole of it, but must give some account of the Catamaran-men, who, as our readers probably know, always accompany the boats to pick up the passengers, should the boat be upset. But, first, of the catamaran itself:—

"These primitive little life-preservers, which are a sort of satellites attending upon the great masallah or passage-boat, consist of two or three small logs of light wood fastened together, and capable of supporting several persons. In general, however, there is but one man upon each, though on many there are two. Although the professed purpose of these rafts is to pick up the passengers of such boats as may be unfortunate enough to get upset in the surf, new comers from Europe are by no means comforted in their alarm on passing through the foam, to be assured that, in the possible event of their boat being capsized, the catamaran-men may probably succeed in picking them up before the sharks can find time to nip off their legs! * * *

"It is very interesting to watch the progress of those honest catamaran-fellows, who live almost entirely in the surf, and who, independently of their chief purpose of attending the masallah boats, are much employed as messengers to the ships in the roads, even in the worst weather. Strange as it may seem, they contrive, in all seasons, to carry letters off quite dry, though, in getting across the surf, they may be overwhelmed by the waves a dozen times. * * *

"I remember one day being sent with a note for the commanding officer of the flag-ship, which Sir Samuel Hood was very desirous should be sent on board; but as the weather was too tempestuous to allow even a masallah boat to pass the surf, I was obliged to give it to

a catamaran-man. The poor fellow drew off his head a small skull-cap made apparently of some kind of skin, or oil-cloth, or bladder, and having deposited his despatches therein, proceeded to execute his task.

"We really thought, at first, that our messenger must have been drowned even in crossing the inner bar, for we well nigh lost sight of him in the hissing yeast of the waves in which he and his catamaran appeared only at intervals, tossing about like a cork in a pot of boiling water. But by far the most difficult part of his task remained after he had reached the comparatively smooth space between the two lines of surf, where we could observe him paddling to and fro as if in search of an opening in the moving wall of water raging between him and the roadstead. In fact, he was watching for a favourable moment, when, after the dash of some high wave, he might hope to make good his transit in safety.

"After allowing a great many seas to break before he attempted to cross the outer bar, he at length seized the proper moment, and turning his little bark to seaward, paddled out as fast as he could. Just as the gallant fellow, however, reached the shallowest part of the bar, and we fancied him safely across, a huge wave, which had risen with unusual quickness, elevated its foaming crest right before him, curling upwards many feet higher than his shoulders. In a moment he cast away his paddle, and leaping on his feet, he stood erect on his catamaran, watching with a bold front the advancing bank of water. He kept his position, quite undaunted, till the steep face of the breaker came within a couple of yards of him, and then leaping head foremost, he pierced the wave in a horizontal direction with the agility and confidence of a dolphin. We had scarcely lost sight of his feet, as he shot through the heart of the wave, when such a dash took place as must have crushed him to pieces had he stuck by his catamaran, which was whisked, instantly afterwards, by a kind of somersets, completely out of the water by its rebounding off the sand bank. On casting our eyes beyond the surf, we felt much relieved by seeing our shipwrecked friend merrily dancing on the waves at the back of the surf, leaping more than breast-high above the surface, and looking in all directions, first for his paddle, and then for his catamaran. Having recovered his oar, he next swam, as he best could, through the broken surf, to his raft, mounted it like a hero, and once more addressed himself to his task.

"By this time, as the current always runs fast along the shore, he had drifted several hundred yards to the northward farther from his point. At the second attempt to penetrate the surf, he seemed to have made a small miscalculation, for the sea broke so very nearly over him, before he had time to quit his catamaran and dive into still water, that we thought he must certainly have been drowned. Not a whit, however, did he appear to have suffered, for we soon saw him again swimming to his rude vessel. Many times in succession was he thus washed off and sent whirling towards the beach, and as often obliged to dive head foremost through the waves. But at last, after very nearly an hour of incessant struggling, and the loss of more than a mile of distance, he succeeded, for the first time, in reaching the back of the surf, without having parted company either with his paddle or with his catamaran. After this it became all plain sailing; he soon paddled off to the Roads, and placed the admiral's letter in the first lieutenant's hands as dry as if it had been borne in a despatch-box across the court-yard of the Admiralty, in the careful custody of my worthy friend Mr. Nutland.

"I remember, one day, when on board the *Minden*, receiving a note from the shore by a catamaran-lad, whom I told to wait for an an-

swer. Upon this he asked for a rope, with which, as soon as it was given him, he made his little vessel fast, and lay down to sleep in the full blaze of a July sun. One of his arms and one of his feet hung in the water, though a dozen sharks had been seen cruising round the ship. A tacit contract, indeed, appears to exist between the sharks and these people, for I never saw, nor can I remember ever having heard of any injury done by one to the other. By the time my answer was written, the sun had dried up the spray on the poor fellow's body, leaving such a coating of salt, that he looked as if he had been dusted with flour. A few fanams—a small copper coin—were all his charge, and three or four broken biscuits in addition, sent him away the happiest of mortals."

The following is a curious account of the antipathies of a tiger:—

"We had a good opportunity of studying the habits of the tiger at the British residency hard by, where one of the most remarkable specimens of his tribe was kept in the open air. He had been brought as a cub from the jungle a year or two before, and being placed in a cage as large as an ordinary English parlour, in the centre of the stable-yard, had plenty of room to leap about and enjoy the high feeding in which he was indulged. He devoured regularly one sheep per day, with any other extra bits of meat that happened to be disposable. A sheep in India is rather smaller—say ten per cent.—less than our Welsh mutton; so this was no great meat for a tiger four feet high. The young hands at the residency used to plague him occasionally, till he became infuriated, and dashed with all his force against the bars, roaring so loud that the horses in the surrounding stables trembled and neighed in great alarm. Indeed it was very difficult even for persons who were fully satisfied of the strength of the cage, to stand near it with unmoved nerves. He would soon have made famous mincemeat of half a dozen of us could he but have caught the door open for a moment.

"But what annoyed him far more than our poking him up with a stick, or tantalising him with shins of beef or legs of mutton, was introducing a mouse into his cage. No fine lady ever exhibited more terror at the sight of a spider than this magnificent royal tiger betrayed on seeing a mouse. Our mischievous plan was to tie the little animal by a string to the end of a long pole, and thrust it close to the tiger's nose. The moment he saw it he leaped to the opposite side, and when the mouse was made to run near him, he jammed himself into a corner, and stood trembling and roaring in an ecstasy of fear, that we were always obliged to desist from sheer pity to the poor brute. Sometimes we insisted on his passing over the spot where the unconscious little mouse ran backwards and forwards. For a long time, however, we could not get him to move, till at length, I believe by the help of a squib, we obliged him to start; but instead of pacing leisurely across his den, or making a détour to avoid the object of his alarm, he generally took a kind of flying leap, so high as nearly to bring his back in contact with the roof of his cage!"

The following may serve as a hint to the ballet-master at the Opera:—

"From a ring in the middle of a pole stretched horizontally over the centre of the area were suspended eight differently coloured silk strings, the ends of which were held in the hands of as many little boys. Upon a signal being given, and music striking up, these eight young persons commenced a dance, the purpose of which was to plait up the separate cords into one rope. After working about a couple of feet of this line, the music changed, and the little weavers, inverting the order of their dance, undid the silken strands of their party-coloured rope, and

stood ready to lay them up again, according to the same or any other pattern which might be ordered by his highness the *Maha Rajah* of Mysore."

ORIGINAL PAPERS

OCEANIDES. No. VI.

THE VOYAGER'S REGRET.

By Mrs. Fletcher, (late Miss Jewsbury).

THEY are thinking far away
Of their loved ones on the water;
The mother of her son,
The father of his daughter;
And a theme of awe and wonder,
If little ones there be,
Are those parted far asunder
By the wide and unknown sea.

The hoarse roar of the billow
Is ever in my ear,
For close, close lies my pillow
To the watery desert drear;
Yet distant tones are nearer,
The greeting, song, or sigh,
Of those than empires dearer;
And tears rush to my eye.

A prisoner on the ocean,
How oft my cabin-room
On this wilderness of motion,
Reminds me of a tomb!
Yet through its windows streaming,
Flash daybreaks rich as noon;
And on my couch comes gleaming
Full oft a sunlike moon.

And stars the night-sky brighten,
Unseen, unknown before;
Alas! regret thy heighten
For those beheld no more!
For constellations vanished
Though lovelier come on,
The heart's star of the banished,
The Polar Star, is gone.

Strange birds the blue air cleaving
Attract the wanderer's sight,
And stranger creatures weaving
Their path, through waves as bright;—
But I, grown sick with pining
After the things that were,
Over the deep reclining
But see 'mid strange or fair,
My sister's sweet face shining!—
My father's thin grey hair!

HAXLITT AND NORTHCOTE.

MR. EDITOR.—You are a straight-forward man, or I have mistaken you. You like that truth should be spoken; especially of the dead, who are unable to speak for themselves. Were it not so, I should scarcely waste my time in scribbling a couple of paragraphs, which you would in all probability, reject. As it is, I take leave to trouble you with a few words on a subject quoted by you in your last number, under the head of 'Cunningham's Lives of the British Painters,' &c.

I happen to know something about the "Conversations" of Northcote, and about the confederate authorship of the volume. I am satisfied that all the ill-nature in it is Northcote's, and all or almost all the talent Haxlitt's. At the time of the publication of the book, some critic said, that Haxlitt "very properly deferred to the greater genius." Never was there such a mistake! There was no more comparison between the little, timid, fidgety, envious, waspish painter, and the acute critic, than between me and Bacon. Haxlitt was a hundred times the greater man. Northcote painted one or two cleverish pictures, and he told a story delightfully; especially if there was an opportunity of developing his spleen,—which was abundant. He could point a sarcasm in good style also,—just or unjust, no matter. But as to any enlarged view of persons or things, he had no pretensions to it. His *Life of Reynolds* is not without merit, as far as I recollect; but his *Life of Titian* was detestable, until Haxlitt altered it, and enlarged it, and put it into a readable shape.

And now for a word or two, touching the *Conversations*. I do not know exactly what Northcote complained of, (although I heard that he went to Colburn and complained)—but I know that he was (privately)

delighted with them, and that he corrected the proofs of the volume! This I know—for I saw some of the proofs myself, with his corrections; and Hazlitt complained bitterly to me that he had spoiled many of the best things—at times from some conceit as to phrases, &c.—at others, because he was afraid of offending certain persons, by having his own expressions, when particularly piquant, repeated. He cried "Craven," and shrank from acknowledging in public, what he had over and over again spoken at his own house. As to the "confidence of friendship," &c., &c., it is just so much nonsense. There was no confidence. On the contrary, when one of the *Conversations* appeared in print, he said—"It's beautiful! It's beautiful! My God! It brought me to life. I was in bed. I was almost dead. But when it was brought to me, it revived me. I read it six times over. It's beautiful!" &c.—and this was the case more than once. You will observe that, as Northcote knew all along that the *Conversations* were in a course of publication, he must have talked for the purpose of having his sayings repeated.

It is a pity, that while Northcote was complaining of the breach of "confidence," as he called it, he had not at the same time honestly to reject some of the clever things which Hazlitt has put into circulation, but which were in fact Hazlitt's own. The little painter was a pet of the critic, and he delighted to render him as brilliant as possible. And for this purpose, Hazlitt sometimes clothed him with his own radiant thoughts, and caused him to utter sayings far more profound than ever sprung up in his own brain.

As to the conduct of the editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* towards his own colleague—applying the epithet "infernal" to him—and offering to abandon him without a word of inquiry—for he never tried to ascertain from Hazlitt whether the *Conversations* were true or not.—I shall say nothing; but as to the fact of Hazlitt being actually dismissed from the *New Monthly*, I assert, without fear of contradiction, that he continued to write up to the period of his last illness—which was long after Mr. Campbell's letter.

VERITAS.

TIECK.

[The following is an abridged translation of a character of Tieck, by Heine, just published, and will be interesting to our readers, not merely for its immediate subject, but its philosophical and general illustrations.]

AFTER the Schlegels, Louis Tieck was one of the most active writers of the romantic school. He was a poet, moreover,—a name scarcely merited by the Schlegels;—a poet too in irritability as well as in enthusiasm and talent;—a true son of Apollo; not content with out-singing other bards, he always proceeded to slay with his critical knife, whatever poor devil of a Mar-syas had dared to rival him.

The poetical dispute which he carried on, in the form of dramas, against the adversaries of the romantic school, is certainly one of the most singular phenomena of our literature. These dramas are satirical, somewhat in the style of Aristophanes; but far inferior in aim, as well as execution. Aristophanes put on the comic mask, in order to develop profound views of society, taking the widest range, and bringing even the world of politics and religion beneath his sceptre—for his pen was one. An inhabitant, however, of modern Germany dare dream of no such licence, and poor Tieck could only mock critical bigots, leaving their graver brethren unharmed.

There was an interval indeed, a period just elapsed, when Germany awoke to more freedom. In the two years subsequent to the Revolution of July, German reading and writing extended beyond its usual narrow subjects of idle tales and theatrical criticism. The journals themselves, ceasing to be exclusively æsthetic, dared to express opinions upon politics and life. But this boldness was soon quenched. The movement was too menacing, and the Frankfurt Diet has already reduced us to our old food of hate and criticism.

Tieck may, above all men, rejoice at this curb on our mouths, and prohibition on our pens; for in the two permitted walks of literature, none can compete with him. He is decidedly the best novel-writer of Germany, with much inequality indeed of merit, and of style, his pen at different periods being influenced by his posi-

tion. For example, when he commenced his literary career, he was at the mercy of Nicolai, the bookseller, who, though a bookseller, was the bigoted and influential enemy of all enlightenment and freedom, the avowed enemy of all superstition, or mysticism or romanticism. Tieck even lived with him at Berlin, occupying the floor above Nicolai's lodging—the herald of the literary future thus treading over the head of the literary past.

During this shackled period of his taste, Tieck produced little worth perusing. It was his contest with the Schlegels that awoke the dormant powers of his talent. His mind, indeed, was a mine of precious jewels, all hid in darkness, till the Schlegels brought a torch into it, to dazzle themselves as well as the world. They made full use of their discovery, for Tieck's inexhaustible genius became henceforth the great resource for carrying on their literary warfare. Here began the second style of Tieck. It was then he wrote his dramas of 'Octavian,' 'St. Genevieve,' and 'Fortunatus.' But his tales are far superior to his dramas, though resembling them, the subjects of both being borrowed from old German legends. The best of these tales are, 'The Fair Eckbert,' and 'The Runenberg.' In their poetical creations there is a charm, a truth, a mysterious depth, from which it is impossible for the reader to escape, or withhold his sympathies. They weave a subtle link between our inmost mind and external nature, which no longer seems inanimate.

A singular change has of late taken place in Tieck, and presents him in a different light from the two previously-described phases of his talent. Having remained for some time silent after the disappearance of the Schlegels, he has re-appeared in altogether a new character. Of old, he breathed the Schlegels' ardour for Catholicism, for which he professed a poetical as well as a religious attachment, suffering nothing imaginative, that did not belong to feudal times and to the middle ages. Now he declares his enthusiasm to have evaporated. He worships no longer chivalry, and magic, and the past, but common sense, every-day life, and the present age. He has just published a series of tales, descriptive of the middle classes. He is no longer the follower of Schlegel, but of Goethe. He has adopted all the artist-like clearness of the latter, his serenity, his coldness, and his irony. The school of Schlegel in vain endeavoured to draw Goethe into its ranks. We now see the Schlegel school passing by its representative, Tieck, into the camp of Goethe. It is but an exemplification of the old parable: the mountain would not go to the prophet, so the prophet drew nigh to the mountain.

Tieck was born at Berlin, the 31st of May, 1773. After a lapse of years, he has established himself at Dresden, and is there occupied chiefly with the theatre. It is curious, that the especial objects of his ridicule used to be the *Aulic Counsellors* of divers Courts. The administrative aristocracy has avenged itself by creating Tieck Aulic Counsellor to his Majesty of Saxony.

After Goethe, Cervantes is the writer whom Tieck has most imitated. The humorous irony of both writers pervades his later novels. There is much talk with us of this said mixture of humour and irony. The school of Goethe has allotted it the first place, as the true mark of a master spirit; it has become the dominant characteristic of our literature. But this is less the consequence of natural taste, than of our political condition. As Cervantes, writing in the days of the Inquisition, was obliged to assume the tragi-comic tone, in order to escape the visits of the Holy Office, so Goethe, minister and courtier, as he became, was obliged to put on the same mask, and deal out wisdom like Shakespeare's fools, grinning. The Germans universally are assuming this character. Full

of ideas, and forbidden to express them, they confess their impatience with a smile, their sense of injustice with a sneer. This is precisely the character of Hamlet,—a man compelled to conceal his thoughts, and doing so by half acting the fool, at the same time caring little to convince by-standers of the truth of his folly.

The two most praiseworthy works of Tieck are, first, his 'Translations of English Dramas anterior to Shakespeare,' secondly, his 'Translation of Don Quixote.'

No one has rendered in another tongue the *folle grandezza* of the knight of La Mancha so well as Tieck. He has made the work as charming in German, as in the original. His 'Don Quixote,' 'Hamlet,' and 'Faust,' form the three great standard works, that are the idolatry of the Germans. It is in the two last especially, as in 'Don Quixote,' that we behold the tragedy of our own nothingness. Of these works, 'Hamlet' is the favourite of our youths. They sigh, like him, at the great task appointed for them to do, which they have the sensibility to feel, but not the courage to execute. Like Hamlet, they despair, and shrink from acting to moralizing. Instead of asserting their rights, they pause to meditate idly on the 'To be or not to be.' If our youth prefer 'Hamlet,' our manhood admires 'Faust,' which turns its back on the political world, and makes philosophy and sensuality the double aim of life, sometimes combating, sometimes uniting. Our old men, different from both, and knowing the vanity of all human effort, and all human enjoyments, turn to 'Don Quixote,' and see in it a keen *persiflage* applicable to all enthusiasm. 'Tis not merely the knight errant of chivalry, that is there bemocked, but the knights errant, since and present—those of philosophy, of poetry, of politics. It is a question, whether Cervantes himself did not really intend, or at least foresee, the universal application of his story, which, then a satire, has grown into a parable. Did he not really intend to parody *ideal enthusiasm* in his tall withered knight, and *positive reason* in his fat squire? Can anything be truer or more apt, than solid *reason*, with its sack of proverbs, trotting on its quiet ass, in the track of *enthusiasm*, who ever leads, though least qualified to do so, and poor *reason* too, doomed to suffer in bruises and broken skin and starvation, and tossing blankets, for the continued blunders of its mad, but noble leader!

EXHIBITION OF THE PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, SUFFOLK STREET.

[Second Notice.]

WE resume our observations on the pictures in this Gallery—but literary matters, an unlooked-for thing, press upon us, and we must be brief: on a second examination, we feel more disposed to strengthen our praise than weaken it: the landscapes particularly are of high merit.

105. This is a scene near Corwen, and could not be otherwise than present to the eye of AUSTIN when he painted it. A girl, with a child in her arms and a dog at her feet, is crossing a little busy brook: we have seldom seen anything more natural or easy.

115. Miss SHARPE has embodied that touching passage in the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' in which Olivia faints on hearing the order given to convey her father to prison. It is not easy to paint up to Goldsmith, nor has this clever lady done it: she has, however, approached him.

138. Of this scene, the landscape is by ROSSON, and the fallow deer by HILLS: these artists work harmoniously together, and produce pictures of great beauty.

178. *Landscape and Cattle*, DE WINT; there is a wondrous reality in all this artist's compositions: he sometimes wants air, but never nature.

193. The painter in the little picture before

† See *Athenæum*, 1831, No. 181, p. 245.

us, has turned preacher, and to good purpose: Mr. WRIGHT has represented in a very graceful and earnest manner, the well known admonition, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

198. This is a view by COPLEY FIELDING, from Fairlight Down, near Hastings: the eye must be coy and ill to please, that is unsatisfied with so fine a landscape: even Romney Marsh is rendered interesting, and the whole is bounded by the distant cliffs of Dover.

207. We are as much shocked as pleased with this representation of *The Massacre of Glenco*, by STONE. He has not treated it poetically: it is too painful: it is a bloody matter done bloodily. Such a picture a hundred years ago, would have set Scotland on flame from Melrose to Pentland; scenes of slaughter like this, are addressed to the more vulgar part of our natures: the wandering mendicant who sang, that

The blood from our scuppers did flow,
at the Battle of the Baltic, gave a just image, it is likely; but what is it, compared to the song of that name by Campbell, for rousing feelings of either terror or sympathy? Painters should think of this. There is some good grouping in the picture, and good painting too.

210. *Durham*, from its commanding situation in the loop of a river, has had much pains taken with it to render it beautiful: of this, ROBSON, when he conceived this fine picture, was not insensible.

213. GASTINEAU has contributed many good pictures to this collection; but none, perhaps, that much surpasses *Dogelly in North Wales*.

214. HUNT has brought observation and a knowledge of character to the aid of his pictorial skill: these *Juvenile Students* of his will remind many artists of scenes which they have seen.

231. Beauty in distress, is a favourite theme with painters—but how few can treat it happily. In this picture, CHISHOLM has represented Mary Queen of Scots surrendering herself to the Confederated Lords at Carberry Hill: there is some charming natural grouping, much variety of character, a little distress, and not much beauty. In truth, the Mary Queen of Scots, who lives in the public imagination, cannot be equalled by art—but artists will never learn this—they paint on.

If we had space for farther detail, we could find a sufficient number of pictures to employ our pen and justify our praise: there are many fine landscapes by Fielding, Robson, Gastineau, and others, and many scenes of a domestic kind from the clever pencil of Hunt: we can do no more than indicate a few of these. 250. *Rock of the Grey Eagle*, ROBSON; 260. *Ghost Story*, Miss L. SHARPE; 290. *A Peasant Girl*, HUNT; 293. *The Vale of Clwyd, Wales*, COPLEY FIELDING; 310. *Llandovery Castle*, (a gem,) by GASTINEAU; 317. *Sunset*, BARRETT; 322. *Free Companions ransoming a Calabrian Noble*, WRIGHT; 334. *Minna and Brenda*, WRIGHT; 349. *A Young Negro*, HUNT; 354. *Lantern Light*, HUNT; 373. *The Toilet*, STONE; 386. *Bay, with a Sea-gull*, HUNT; 392. *Devotion*, HUNT; 414. *Ruins of the Knights' Hall at Heidelberg*, WILDE. The public cannot fail to perceive that painting in water-colours almost vies with painting in oil, and that many of the pictures of this department of the British school, are of a high order of composition.

EXHIBITION OF THE ASSOCIATED PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

The gallery which contains these works is small, but well lighted; the arrangement is much to the credit of the committee, for the best works have generally the best places; and the pictures, in number three hundred and seventy-two, have made an impression on the

public mind, for some fifty have been sold since the gallery was opened. There is, we think, an absence of pictures of commanding originality and excellence, as well as of very large dimensions; but we have, as a compensation, the welcome presence of many works of simplicity and elegance—truth and nature—vivid colours, and beauty and force of character. As in the other and larger Water-colour Exhibition, landscape is lord of the ascendant; we have not so many scenes from poetry or domestic life as we could wish to see; but there are many delineations of places memorable in song and story, or distinguished in our maritime records. We shall say a word or two concerning the merits of some of the most remarkable.

44. A heron struck in the air and wounded by some stronger bird of prey, has dropped to the ground: the beauty of the picture lies in showing the bleeding bird throwing itself into its natural and most effectual posture of defence; it places its long, sharp, and dangerous bill in a way to receive the descent of the enemy, and looks up in momentary expectation of being pounced upon. Mr. BURBANK is an observer of nature.

52. 'Will you buy?' is painted by PARKER in a way at once true and touching. An Italian boy, such as frequents our streets, stands with the bust of Byron and the small folded-arms figure of Napoleon in a tray, exclaiming, 'Will you buy?' This is fame.

54. *Interior of Haddon Hall, Derbyshire*. It has been the pleasure of Mr. LINES to show the great hall of Haddon prepared for a festival, with all its ancient splendour about it; we would rather have seen it deserted and all but ruinous, such as it appears now to those who wander into the vale of Bakewell.

103. *Hastings from the Pier Rocks*, by BARNARD, is one of the best pictures of the kind in the collection: all seems real, and all is animated.

108. The conception of this picture is fine, nor is the execution unworthy of it. It represents St. Michael's Mount during a fearful storm; the waters ascend in vast undulation; ships are hurrying into the haven; others, less fortunate, are foundering; and the coast is strewn with wrecks, and covered with people, some for plunder, and others on errands of mercy. It is painted by BENTLEY.

133. This is *Eltrick Kirk*—the birthplace of the Eltrick Shepherd: the scene is lonely and lovely in nature, and art has scarcely come up to it, though the picture is an impressive one. It is from the pencil of GIBSON.

174. *Edinburgh, from St. Anthony's Chapel*. Here we have the horizontal profile, if we may so speak, of Edinburgh city, castle, and palace. In all the range of British landscape we know nothing that approaches this scene; even the imaginative cities and palaces of John Martin fail to excel it; nor has it been unworthily treated by MAISEY: we wish he could embody it in oil.

204. *Invocation*. This is by MOORE, and represents a young and lovely lady invoking with much meekness the aid of her patron saint. She has less humility in her dress than in her looks.

257. 'The Last Man' of Campbell is painted by MARTIN. Neither the poem nor the picture are the happiest works of their respective authors, yet there are some impressive touches in both: the pencil has caught the sentiment of these fine lines—

And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all were dumb.

We have no more space for either description or detail; many pictures as good as those in our list are left unnoticed: of the following numbers some are equal, some inferior. 5. *Coast Scene*,

GIBSON; 22. *Portrait of a Lady*, HEAPHY; 74. *Sunset after a Storm on the coast of Sussex*, SHEPHERD; 79. *Lady playing with her Squirrel*, Miss F. CORBAUX; 89. *The Loxini Brigands*, HEAPHY; 109. *Study of an old House*, SHEPHERD; 111. *Shakespeare's Cliff*, TENNAN; 114. *Vessels in a fresh Breeze*, WARD; 122. *Piazza del Castello—Vesuvius in the distance*, COWEN; 143. *Landscape and Cattle*, WARD; 150. *Isle of Wight*, and 158. *River Dart, Devon*, BENTLEY; 190. *Vessels running for Port after a Storm*, VICKERS; 240. *Joseph Andrews resenting the insult offered to Fanny by Beau Didapper*, NASH; 246. *Near Marazion, Cornwall*, DOWNING; 247. *Mont Orgueil Castle, Isle of Jersey*, WOOD; 251. *Amy Robsart, Janet, and the Pedlar, in Cumnor Garden*, NASH. On the whole we have been much pleased with this collection: the Association, we hear, is thriving.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

We have just heard of a magnificent project, to which we desire to draw the attention of all those lovers of art who are blessed with a few spare hundreds. It must be remembered, that Sir Thomas Lawrence was so anxious that his unequalled collection of original drawings should be kept together, that he desired his executors to offer them to the government for twenty thousand pounds, although they had cost him upwards of forty. In these poverty-stricken times government dare not ask such a grant from parliament, and the collection would forthwith have been brought to the hammer, had not Lord Wharncliffe, and some other distinguished noblemen and gentlemen, resolved to try the success of the following propositions:—

"That a Society be formed for the purpose of raising a sufficient fund, by shares of 100*l.* each; that it be limited to 200 shares.

"That as soon as the Society have completed the purchase, a committee of persons, judged competent, be appointed by the Subscribers, to put a fair and equitable estimation on each drawing, and that Subscribers (after ascertaining their priority of choice by drawing lots) be at liberty to select, by their own taste and judgment, or by the judgment of any person they may appoint, drawings to the full amount of their Subscription, to become immediately their own private property.

"That for three years the drawings be retained by the Society for public exhibition.

"That each shareholder shall be at liberty to issue twenty silver tickets, (for each 100*l.* share) of the value of 5*l.* each ticket, either for gift or sale, and that such ticket will confer on the holder the right of personal admission to all the Exhibitions and Conversazioni, and of giving orders of admission to all exhibitions to persons on payment of 1*s.* each.

"That the rooms of the society be lighted for evening views and conversazioni, to which all shareholders, and holders of silver tickets, have personal admission; and that the money raised by admission to the day-exhibition, be applied to defraying expenses of rent, lighting, &c.

"It is expected, that when, by means of the exhibition, the nature and value of these works of art shall be more generally understood, means may be found for securing them for the National Gallery, British Museum, or some other public institution. It is, therefore, proposed that the Society should hold themselves bound, for the space of three years from the purchase, to accept the prime cost price of the collection, if the purchase is intended for the public benefit."

A public meeting will be forthwith called, to take the subject into consideration.

Yesterday the galleries of the Royal Academy were opened by the President and Council, and shown privately to such men of title and taste as they find it profitable to honour; those honoured visitors are generally persons who have been or are likely to become purchasers, including his Majesty's ministers, the foreign ambassadors, and a sprinkling of critics and antiquarians. The sculpture, with a few exceptions, is said to be of moderate beauty; we have heard much the same of the paintings, but we shall judge for ourselves next week, when a shilling makes way for every one. By the by, there is a sharp attack on the Royal Academy in the *New Monthly Magazine*; the writer assumes that the association should actually produce its own genius; this is too much to expect from forty old gentlemen,—for we believe ladies are not now, as of old, admitted to be members: the ranks of the Academy are filled up with recruits from all parts of the kingdom, and several of the names mentioned by the writer as country-educated, were trained in London—Chantrey studied at the Academy, so did Phillips, so did Wilkie, though the love of art came upon them in their native places.

We learn from the Dublin papers, that Lady Morgan has a new work in hand, which is likely to appear before the end of the season. The editor observes—"Its name has not transpired; but it is, we understand, of a totally original character, and not easily assigned to any of the ordinary species of literary composition."—Mr. Hood too, we happen to know, is fast concluding a novel, to be called 'Tynley Hall,' and which will appear in a few weeks.

Our magazines are still suffering under the nightmare of politics: *Blackwood* is full of them; 'Tom Cringle's Log,' and 'Twaddle on Tweedside,' are amusing, but where is the Noctes—"the stary Noctes"? *Tait* has a well written article on the Songs of Béranger; and there are some clever things, though too personal, in *Fraser*—"Speeches delivered in Banco Regine," abound with wit and humour; and there are a few clever pages of criticism, on the new edition of Sir Walter Scott's Poems. The "Chit-chat" in *The Metropolitan* might be spared: not so the 'Autobiography of Peter Simple,' we always read it with great pleasure, and rejoice over the characters of O'Brien and Chucks. *The Monthly* has lately changed hands, and is decidedly improved; there is a rough, bold vigour and daring in its literary articles, that is not unpleasant in these common-place times; 'The Walham Wag' is capital in this style.—*The Edinburgh Review* is a heavy affair; it once had spirit, which, though of an evil kind, was spirit still, and rendered the work readable; it is now become—

As feckless as a withered rush.

We speak of it generally; there are now and then some brilliant exceptions to our censure. The *Foreign Quarterly* has some good articles; the narrative part of the 'Diderot' is very interesting—the rest surpasseth human understanding, at least ours; 'De Candolle's Vegetable Physiology,' 'The Russians in 1612 and 1812,' and 'The Roman Reform Bill,' are all good; so is the account of 'Von Hammer's Persian Translation of Marcus Antoninus's Meditations.'

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

May 2.—His Royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex, K.G. President, in the chair.—A paper was read, entitled, 'Essay towards a First Approximation to a Map of Cotidal Lines,' by the Rev. William Whewell, M.A., F.R.S.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

April 17.—The Bishop of Bristol, V.P., in the chair.—The reading of Mr. Cullimore's memoir, 'On the periods of the erection of the Theban Temple of Ammon,' was concluded.

Having arrived at the age of the resumption of the native dominion of the Pharaohs, of the apotheosis of Ammon, and of the restoration and hieroglyphic repairs of the temple, and determined its place in chronology, from the combined evidence of history and of the hieroglyphic calendar, the writer proceeded to show that this epoch cannot have been coeval with the origin of the great Theban family founded by Amos, as the hypothesis of Champollion (adopted from Eusebius) supposes; because the monuments indicate a succession of seven native monarchs, immediately preceding Amos, whose hieroglyphic remains prove them to have reigned over the whole country,—a fact incompatible with the co-existence of the Shepherd tyranny. He therefore adopts the more ancient statement of the Jewish historian, founded on the text of Manetho, that an interval of 250 years occurred between the expulsion of the Shepherds and the rise of the house of Amos; to which period the sojournment of the Israelites in Egypt belongs; and he showed, that this arrangement brings down the age of Moris, the acknowledged Third Thothmos of the monuments, to the place at which it is fixed by the united evidence of Herodotus and Theon;—viz. to the latter part of the 14th century B.C.

The writer then replied, at large, to various anticipated objections against the chronological depression of the whole Egyptian system, as developed in this memoir.

Having so far prepared his readers, he next proceeded with a table, derived from the hieroglyphic records, detailing the successive restorations, repairs, and additions to the temple at Karnac, by the principal Pharaohs, from the age of Joseph to the Macedonian conquest; in which it was demonstrated how largely the bounds of authentic history have been extended by means of hieroglyphic discovery.

The memoir concluded with reflections upon the utility of such a record as this temple supplies, for rectifying the errors of historians. Mr. C. adduced, as an example, Newton's limitation of the period of the erection of the temple of Hephæstus, at Memphis, to less than three centuries.

Thursday, April 25.—General anniversary meeting.—The Bishop of Bristol presided, in the absence of the president, Lord Dover; the state of whose health did not permit him to attend the meeting.

Mr. Hamilton read an address, by the president, on the event known in Scottish history as the 'Gowrie Conspiracy.' This occurrence, which consisted in the capture and violent treatment of King James, by Lord Gowrie and his brother, Alexander Ruthven, in the year 1600, has hitherto remained among the darkest transactions in modern history—whether we regard the detail of incidents connected with it, the part which the persons regarded as the chief conspirators had in the affair, or the motives which led to its perpetration. Within these few years, however, the discovery of the original letters of Logan, of Restalrig, one of the parties concerned, in the General Register House, Edinburgh,

has placed the conspiracy in a somewhat more intelligible light. The object of Lord Dover's elegant and ingenious dissertation was, to sift the entire evidence upon the subject, as it now stands, since the accession derived to it from Logan's papers; and the conclusions he has arrived at are the following: That we possess incontrovertible proofs that the Earl of Gowrie and his brother were really engaged in a conspiracy against the king; although the motives which led to the undertaking, and even the objects the conspirators had in view, still remain surrounded with mystery and doubt.

Mr. Hamilton likewise kindly officiated for the Rev. Mr. Cattermole, the secretary, (who also was prevented from attending in his place, in consequence of indisposition,) by reading the Annual Report of the Council to the Members. The details of the Report, relative to the Society's funds, indicated an increase in the prosperity of the Institution. It included, as usual, a summary account of the various papers read at the ordinary meetings during the last year.

A ballot afterwards took place for the president, vice-presidents, council, and officers for the ensuing year; at the close of which the following elections were announced:

President—The Right Hon. Lord Dover.
Vice-Presidents—The Right Rev. the Bishop of Salisbury (late President), His Grace the Duke of Rutland, the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl of Munster, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Bristol, the Right Hon. Lord Bexley, the Right Hon. Charles Yorke, the Rev. G. Richards, D.D., William Martin Leake, Esq. **COUNCIL**—The Earl of Ripon, Lord Morpeth, Sir T. D. Acland, Bart., Sir Francis Freeling, Bart., Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart., Sir Thomas Phillips, Bart., the Rev. H. H. Baber, the Rev. Gilbert Beresford, the Rev. Richard Cattermole (Secretary), the Rev. Henry Clissold (Librarian), William R. Hamilton, Esq. (Foreign Secretary), Henry Holland, Esq., William Jacob, Esq. (Treasurer), William Jerdan, Esq., Robert Lemon, Esq., Lewis Hayes Petit, Esq. **OFFICERS, &c.**: Treasurer, William Jacob, Esq. Auditors, David Pollock, Esq., William Tooke, Esq. M.P. Librarian, The Rev. Henry Clissold. Secretary, The Rev. Richard Cattermole. Foreign Secretary, W. R. Hamilton, Esq. Accountant and Collector, Mr. Thomas Paul.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Dr. Ritchie on Electro-Magnetism.—Dr. Ritchie began by examining the principles on which the common galvanometer is founded; and offered proofs that these were false, and that, consequently, all the deductions drawn from its indications were equally remote from the truth. He then showed that his torsion galvanometer, in which the electric forces are measured by the perfect elasticity of fine threads of glass, was the only instrument which afforded accurate results.

In the second division of this lecture he pointed out the best mode of obtaining powerful electro-magnets, and stated some curious properties which had not been previously observed. He proved, by experiments, that by suddenly changing the poles of an electro-magnet, a bar of soft iron might be made to revolve, with considerable force, about its centre; thus obtaining a prime mover, which may yet be applied to useful purposes.

In the last division of the lecture, he described a method of obtaining an almost continued current of electricity, from common magnets; and thus supplying the place of the Voltaic battery, for electro-magnetic purposes, by a revolving battery of cylinders of soft iron. By a simple arrangement of the apparatus a continued series of electric sparks may be obtained, illuminating, almost at the same instant, the entire circumference of a circle, producing a very beautiful effect.

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GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

April 17.—George Bellas Greenough, Esq. President, in the chair.—The second portion of Mr. Murchison's paper on the geology of parts of Shropshire, Herefordshire, Radnorshire, Brecknockshire, and Caermarthenshire, was read.—This division of the memoir entered into a detailed description of the upper members of the grauwacke series, and was illustrated by numerous suites of specimens and drawings.

May 1.—A communication drawn up by Capt. Basil Hall, was read, on the machine for regulating high temperatures, invented by the late Sir James Hall, Bart., and used by him in his experiments on the fusion of limestone and various other rocks. The instrument and the whole of the experiments were presented to the Society by Capt. Hall, who likewise gave a brief account of their nature, and the progress of Sir James Hall's researches.

An extract from a letter was afterwards read, addressed to Sir Alexander Johnstone, V.P.R.A.S., by Mr. Telfair, and communicated by R. J. Murchison, Esq., F.G.S., describing a specimen of volcanic conglomerate, containing fragments of the teeth of a hippopotamus, and found in Madagascar, about 30 miles from Tananarivons.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The annual general meeting was held on Monday last, in the Theatre of the Royal Institution, Lord Stanley, President, in the chair.—The auditor's report stated the whole receipts during the year 1832, as 16,056l. 4s. 10d.; expenses, 13,181l. 16s. 1d.; money invested, 2,618l. 2s. 10d.; cash balance in hand, December the 31st, 256l. 15s. 11d.

The annual report detailed, at considerable length, the management and progress of the Society for the same period. The number of candidates elected, was 318, and the whole number of members now belonging to the Society, 2,330. The visitors to the Gardens and Museum, 225,719. Lord Stanley was re-elected president, Charles Drummond, Esq., treasurer, and E. T. Bennett, Esq., secretary, vice N. A. Vigors, Esq., M.R.S., who retires from that office; Lt.-Gen. Sir R. C. Fergusson, Robert Gordon, Esq., M.P., Dr. R. E. Grant, Lt.-Col. W. H. Sykes, and the Hon. Henry Upton, are the new members of council. The report was ordered to be printed.

Thanks were unanimously voted to the auditors, and a particular vote of thanks recorded in favour of Mr. Vigors, for his eminent services and most liberal donations, during the seven years he had acted as secretary. The regulation submitted by the council to the members, for their consideration, whether the Gardens should, or should not be closed until after morning service on the Sunday, was decided in the negative.

WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

April 20.—Mr. Malyn resumed the subject of 'Factory Labour.' He entered fully into the merits of the question in a political as well as medical point of view, and thus concluded a very able paper: "We might, with certainty, anticipate, that, if the factories were not to be supplied from other sources—if the sister kingdom and the agricultural districts were to be closed against them, not a century would elapse before the class would be exterminated, and the mills and machinery left, in the midst of desolation, nothing but monuments of human ingenuity and of want of human foresight.

"Such is the view I take of this important question, and such are the reasons which lead me to conclude—

"That factory labour is, in all its circumstances, unfavourable to the maintenance of health even in the middle period of life.

"That, during the period of growth, it is directly opposed to the development of mind, of body, and of morals—that it is certain to introduce disease, and to considerably shorten life.

"Should these conclusions be admitted, though towns be razed and trade annihilated, the system ought to be instantly and effectively corrected. It devolves on our profession, of which it is the proud distinction to alleviate human suffering, to chase away the doubt of its destructiveness implied in the recent appointment of a Commission—a Commission as uncalled for as it will be inoperative—a Commission which cannot alter or control the laws of nature—but which will meet deceit at every step, and falsehood at every turning. It is for us, at all times, and in all societies, manfully to assert and distinctly to prove, that factory labour is neither more nor less than a species of refined and protracted murder."

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Phrenological Society	Eight, P.M.
	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Linnean Society	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Horticultural Society	One, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
WED.	Society of Arts	p. 7, P.M.
TH.	Royal Society	p. 8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
FRI.	Royal Institution	p. 8, P.M.
	Astronomical Society	Eight, P.M.
SAT.	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.

Geological Society of Dublin—April 10.—The secretary read a very able communication from James Bryce, Esq., M.A., 'On the Evidences of Diluvial Action in the North of Ireland;' in which, after an interesting sketch of the general geological features of the district, the author proceeds to point out evidences of a great current, which passed over the country in a direction, in general, from N.W. to S.E., from the nature of the drumlins, or gravel hills, which occur there, their form and materials, and from various other indications. Dr. Stokes also, read a paper, containing his views on the subject of those globular formations which are found in the province of Ulster.

FINE ARTS

The Exhibitions have lately left us but little room to notice the progress of the illustrated periodicals, and even now we must be brief. The 5th part of *The Gallery of the Painters in Water Colours* contains specimens from Fielding, Evans, and Robson and Hills. There is merit in all, but Mr. W. B. Cooke's engraving is such a work as we have hardly seen since Mr. Cooke turned his back on art, to which we sincerely hope this is an earnest that he has returned. It is, indeed, a splendid specimen of his skill. Mr. Cooke, as our readers will no doubt remember, was one of the engravers of the Coast Scenery, and to his talent even Turner himself owed something of his early fame.—*The Gallery of the Graces*, Parts 3 & 4. This work decidedly improves, and Boxall takes the lead among the illustrators. *The May Queen* is exquisitely conceived and painted, and *The Widow* is truth itself—"her heart is in the tomb".—The second number of *A Series of Views in India*, by Capt. John Luard, is before us. It contains altogether six plates, and among them is a View of the gateway *Roomee Durwaza*, at Lucknow, a splendid specimen of architectural magnificence: the work will be complete in eight numbers.—*Portraits of the Principal Female Characters in the Waverley Novels*. Parts 4 & 5. Our favourites in these numbers are *Julia Manering*, by Inskipp, engraved by Wagstaff, and *Minna*, an admirable picture by Etty, engraved by Ryall.—*The Memorials of Oxford* keeps up its character and interest.—Part the 3rd of Mr. Shaw's *Specimens of Ancient Fur-*

niture is equal to either of the preceding in beauty and interest; the Salt Cellar, given by Bishop Fox to Corpus Christi College, is an extraordinary specimen of elaborate carving.—If Part 14 be a fair specimen of *Fisher's Illustrations of Great Britain* (4th series), it is one of the most beautiful of the cheap illustrated works; the views of Raby Castle and of Sunderland are engraved in a style equal to many of the *Annals*.—*Views of the Lakes in the North of England*. This is a first number (the work to be completed in six), and contains a view of Uls-water, by Glover, Derwent Water, from Castle Hill, by Nutter, and Derwent Water, from Barrow, by Holland, with descriptive illustrations by Dr. Robinson. The engravings are done with care and skill, but we fear that, in these times of cheap art, the price will be thought too high.—We have also received six or eight plates of a work called *Costumes of the Royal Navy and Marines*. The engravings are very highly and carefully coloured, and the epaulettes and other ornaments are touched with gold, which heightens their effect. The work will probably be interesting to naval men.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

The attraction of Saturday, as we anticipated, occasioned an overflow. With the exception of Malibran, there is no singer on the stage so capable of executing the music of 'La Cenerentola,' as Cinti. The correctness of her intonation, novelty of her embellishments, and tenderness of her expression, are admirable; yet her voice wants the depth and power of Malibran's, for passages of pathos. Zucchelli as *Don Magnifico*, is seen in his very best character. Tamburini as *Dandino*, for genuine buffo singing, never had a rival. Donzelli too was excellent. Taglioni was received with enthusiastic applause, and well deserved it.

Once more the Opera is in its glory, and Pasta reigns supreme. She was most enthusiastically welcomed on Thursday, but, as the same performance will be repeated this evening, we shall defer our notice till next week.

Select Organ Pieces, from the Sacred Works of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Cherubini, Hummel, and other Classical Composers of the German and Italian Schools. Arranged by Vincent Novello. Book the Sixth, comprising Nos. 31 to 36 inclusive.

This is an admirable collection. There are pieces selected from the Seasons, and the Operas of Mozart, with original matter by Mr. Novello, skillfully introduced, and effectively arranged, and displaying his usual command of harmony and counterpoint. The clearness of type, the correctness of the harmony, together with the taste in the variety of the selection, will make this a most acceptable work to organ-players.

Six Organ Pieces. Composed by T. Adams.

Is the midst of fugues and other specimens of the severe style of counterpoint, are scattered some slow movements of great simplicity and beauty; but mere scholastic phrases are somewhat too abundant. The execution is difficult and requires a master's hand.

We acknowledge to have received some fifty songs and musical pieces, as they are called, and to have written reviews of them; but, on looking over our criticism when in print, it appeared such a mere varying of common-place phrases, and yet so honestly to characterize the works, that we threw the whole into the fire. If such trash fairly represented the musical genius of the age and country, then age and country, so far as music is concerned, would be equally

contemptible. One word to those who take an interest in this subject. We have neither time nor inclination to enter upon a crusade against musicians and music publishers—we have quite enough to do at present with literature and book publishers, and will not sacrifice the greater to the less; but, if any competent man, having a resolved spirit neither to swerve to the right nor the left, for interest sake, with a sufficient command of capital to fight the battle to the issue, will adventure in the musical world as we did in the literary, he shall have our hearty and zealous support—and assuredly his ultimate success will be certain. There never was a grosser system of puffery than that now established among music-sellers—genius and learning have no possible chance.

THEATRICALS

DRURY LANE.

UNDER pretence of preparing for 'La Sonnambula,' but in reality glad to avail themselves of any excuse to escape from the constant recurrence of empty benches, the management closed this house on Monday and Tuesday, and re-opened it on Wednesday, for the first appearance of Madame Malibran. We fear the extra pit-door, of which we heard so much, has scarcely paid its expenses. However, to pass from folly to sense, the lady above-named made her debut on the English stage on Wednesday, in the character of *Amina*, in a translation of the opera of 'La Sonnambula,' the music by Bellini. We hardly know in what terms to write of Madame Malibran's performance of this part—and the difficulty is the same whether we turn to her singing or her acting; to our mind she is the most perfect actress and singer that the Italian, or any other stage, has ever produced. Taking her requisites altogether, nature has done more for her than it has ever yet done for any other performer; and art, worked, we must think, by steam at its highest pressure, has been brought to bear upon her natural gifts in such manner as to command an acknowledgment that perfection is at length attained. We well remember the grand and inspiring notes of Catalani, we are familiar with the liquid sweetness and brilliant execution of Cinti, and we can dwell with delight upon a recollection of the intensity, the feeling, and the expression of Pasta, but the sweets of all these, and twenty other flowers, have been extracted and combined to form the musical bouquet called Malibran. It would be almost an insult to her to attempt to follow her performance of Wednesday throughout, and try to point out particular parts for particular praise. She was perfection! perfection—not taking the effort as presenting an extraordinary combination of various powers, some good and some better, in one individual, but perfection, as exhibiting a perfect union of qualifications, each and every of which, taken separately, is perfect in itself. Her acting is a study for professors of the art—her singing a study not only for singers, but for musicians generally—her waking attitudes are studies for the painter—her sleeping ones models for the sculptor, and yet over all is the mantle of nature so gently and so gracefully spread, as to conceal the appearance of art.

Mr. Templeton has improved greatly in his singing; if he could only make a corresponding improvement in his acting, he would soon be the best male operatic performer on our stage. Miss Cawse, who enacted Madame Malibran's mother, giving way to the mistaken vanity which is peculiar to English actresses, could not think of doing anything half so shocking as disfiguring her countenance to make it correspond with her age and dress, and consequently, although no doubt she looked vastly beautiful, she had the pleasure of marrying the

effect of the scene, and getting well laughed at every time allusion was made to the part she was playing. Mr. Seguin sang extremely well, and acted better than usual, and Miss Betts took pains and did her best. The choruses were very well executed—the scenery was beautiful—and the whole piece, in short, well and carefully put upon the stage. Mr. Bishop, too, who has arranged this opera for the English stage, deserves honourable mention for the care and taste with which he has performed his task.

The bills of this house have been lately made to intersperse their bad English with a little bad French. On Wednesday night we sat immediately behind three foreigners, and burned with shame for the ignorance displayed by the management of a national theatre, as we saw and heard them giggle over the line—

"Maitre de Chappelle de S. M. le Roi de Bavarre."

This has stood so for many days past, and it is, consequently, the effect of ignorance, and not of accident. It is immediately followed by another line, saying—

"Who filled the same situation at the King's Theatre for the German operas last season?"

Are we to understand from this that the King of Bavaria was Maitre de Chappelle at the King's Theatre last season? or are we, like the framers of these bills, to understand nothing?

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE deference due to Mr. Sheridan Knowles compelled us to drop a stitch last week in our work for this theatre, we must now take it up and proceed to notice the drama called 'Ellen Wareham.' This piece is a compound production, being partly taken from Mr. Buckstone's head, and partly from Lady Dacre's tale. The interest of the piece is of a painfully disagreeable kind, and it terminates most fittingly with an incident which leaves upon the minds of the audience an impression of joyful wretchedness and miserable delight. The part of *Ellen Wareham*, though somewhat in the style of those in which Mrs. Yates has earned for herself so high a reputation, is by no means one of her most successful efforts; yet, it is but just to say, that upon the whole she, as also Messieurs Vining and Elton, acted with sufficient truth and discrimination to increase the pain and oppression we felt. From the serious part we turn with pleasure to the comic, and here Mr. Buckstone is, as usual, quite at home. Mrs. Humby has a very pleasant part, which she plays delightfully. The author has again given himself but little to do, but it is in his own style, and then he knows how to make much of a little. Mr. Dowton played his character so well, as to make us regret that he did not know his part. There were frequent touches of nature in his performance, which went far towards compensating for his general and tiresome angling for the words. Mr. Brindal, who marches steadily, but surely, in the line of improvement, had little more than a walking part assigned to him, and yet he contrived to walk off with a vast deal of credit. Mrs. Honey had little to do but to make tea for her father, and that, we thought, she made very well, though Mr. Dowton said she did not. To say that Mrs. Glover acted, is to say that she made the most of her part. It is as agreeable as it is unusual to see a little bit of a part well played on the stage; and we, therefore, beg to point attention to Mr. Somebody, a fellow-servant of Mrs. Humby's, whose affections she has scorned, and who has only to whimper and so forth, when she takes leave of him and goes away to be married to another. If the bills furnished his name, we should be happy to record it. Mrs. Humby was exquisite in that scene, and he played up to her well and naturally.

MISCELLANEA

Concerts.—The number of benefit and other Concerts will be unusually great this season—Moscheles has taken the lead, and, considering the musical talent engaged at other places, we think he had a strong muster on Wednesday last—a duet on the pianoforte, composed and performed by himself and Mendelssohn, was a great treat. Among the announcements, are Miss Bruce's *Soirées Musicales*; we yet remember the pleasant evenings passed there last season. In corroboration of what we stated last week, as to the extraordinary musical talent collected together at this moment in London, we may mention that there were present at the last Philharmonic, the six finest pianoforte players and composers in Europe, namely, Hummel, Herz, Pixis, Moscheles, Mendelssohn, and Cramer.

Fifth Philharmonic Concert.—Spohr's Sinfonia in c minor, Beethoven's in d, Weber's overture to 'Freischütz,' and Witten's 'Zaira,' were almost the only pieces of this Concert that gave us unqualified satisfaction. We were much delighted with Spohr's Sinfonia—a melody for the violoncellos, a unison with the same for the fourth string on the violins, which occurred twice in the andante, produced a fine effect; and in the last allegro, there were passages of double counterpoint of great beauty. The first allegro would bear being played quicker. Herr Knoop, from the Court of Saxe-Meiningen, performed a very lengthy solo on the violoncello. With the exception of Romberg and Bohrer, we have heard no foreigner whose bowing and taste have given us more pleasure; but alas! his tone, compared to that of Lindley, is weak, and occasionally disagreeable; in a small room, this defect would not have been so striking.

Exhibitions.—We have numberless open, or opening, for the season; those of importance we have or shall specifically notice, but there are some that must not be passed by without an announcement. Among the most interesting of these is Mr. Mathews's Gallery, including nearly four hundred portraits of distinguished actors, from the time of Davenant to our own day; there are but few pictures of great merit in the collection, but it is unrivalled in its humble way, and has been immortalized by Elia, in the *London Magazine*. Mr. Mellings's Sculpture is also to be seen; the success of this exhibition will depend on the approbation with which the public may receive the group of Sir John Falstaff, Mistress Doll, and Bardolph—comedy and sculpture have never yet cordially shaken hands; Mr. Mellings has resolved, if possible, to unite them, and has modelled the group, and written a clever introduction to his catalogue, for that purpose: we wish him success, but he has not shaken our prejudices. We observe, too, that an exhibition is opened in Adelaide-street, of Mr. Martin's Paintings; we have seen most of these splendid works in the artist's gallery; but we recommend all who have not, to avail themselves of the opportunity. We shall take leave of this subject, by informing all friends from the country, that there is a superb collection of pictures now on view at Christie's auction room.

Death of Raphael Morghen.—In letters from Florence, dated the 11th ult., the death of this celebrated engraver is announced. He was in his 72nd year. Raphael Morghen has, for many years, stood at the head of his profession. He was the pupil of Volpato; and first obtained his reputation by engraving, in conjunction with him, the series of Raphael's pictures in the Vatican. Soon after the completion of this work appeared his 'Aurora,' from Guido, in the Rospigliosi Palace, than which no print has, perhaps, ever been executed of greater beauty; numberless works followed rapidly:—

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amongst which, 'The Last Supper,' of Leonardo da Vinci; 'The Transfiguration,' and the 'Madonna della Seggiola,' of Raphael; 'The Dancing Seasons,' and the 'Riposo' of Niccolò Poussin; 'The Marquis de Moncada' on horseback, after Vandeyk; the Portraits of Raphael, the Fornarina, Leonardo da Vinci, and the five great poets of Italy—Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, Ariosto, and Tasso—are brilliant specimens. Many other exquisite productions of his might be named, but we would rather refer to his scholar Palmerini's account of them, which contains also some interesting particulars of his life: it was the custom of Morghen to give to Palmerini an impression, in every state of the plate, from the first outline to the finished proof. This choice collection of his works were purchased by the Duke of Buckingham for 1200*l.*; it is the most complete and valuable in Europe. He was a man of singular habits—and changed from a prodigal to a miser, and from a miser to a prodigal, two or three times; he saved fortunes and then squandered them away; latterly he became religious, and said that he would employ his talent only on sacred subjects—and thus died in the odour of sanctity. He was married more than once; his first wife (a beautiful woman, and the beloved of Canova) was the daughter of his master Volpato.

University of Dublin.—The science medal has been awarded to Mr. Haig (James), and the classical medal to Mr. Pomeroy. The subjects for the Vice Chancellor's prizes are, 'The Demoralizing Effects of Slavery,' for graduates, and 'Ægyptus Rediviva,' for under-graduates.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom. W. & Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 25	62	37	30.65	N.	Cloudy.
Fri. 26	67	37	30.68	N.E.	Ditto.
Sat. 27	65	46	29.90	S.W.	Ditto.
Sun. 28	65	36	29.56	W.	Shrs. r. m.
Mon. 29	61	34	29.50	W. to S.W.	Cloudy.
Tues. 30	65	37	29.40	S.W.	Shrs. r. m.
Wed. 1	60	44	29.38	S.	Cloudy.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulostratus, Cumulus, Cirrostratus.

Mean temperature of the week, 59° 5'. Greatest variation, 33°. Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.73. Nights and mornings for the greater part fair.

Day increased on Wednesday, 7 h. 2 min.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

A complete series of the works of the Scottish Poets, with Biographical Notices, by Mr. Atkinson of Glasgow. A New Edition of Plato's Phædo, with a revised Text and variorum Notes.

Just published.—Lucien Greville, a Novel, 3 vols. 8vo. 2*s.* 1*s.*—The Field Book, by the Author of 'Wild Sports of the West,' 8vo. 2*s.*—Nyrn's Cricketer's Tutor, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—Blakey's History of Moral Science, 2 vols. 8vo. 2*s.*—Encyclopedia Americana, complete in 13 large 8vo. vols. 8*s.* 8*s.*—A Gift for Mothers, 8vo. 6*s.*—Life of the Rev. L. Richmond, 6*s.*—Practice of Criminal Law of Scotland, Vol. 2, 8vo. 1*s.*—Cobbett's Annual Historian, 1833, 3*s.*—Fletcher's Spirituality of Mind, 32mo. 2*s.*—Life of Dr. A. Clarke, Vol. 2, 9*s.*—The Boudman, (Library of Romance,) 6*s.*—Lyle's Geology, Vol. 3, 20*s.*—Prometheus Bound, translated from the Greek, 12mo. 5*s.*—Cox's Druggist's Pocket Guide, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*—Cheselden's Plates of Bones, 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank T., but the subject is not suited to a literary paper—also J. D. D., but having so lately inserted one version, we must decline.

Thanks to J. A. G.—M. E. J. S.—C. A.

We are sincerely obliged to E. L. L., although we do not think his present communications of sufficient interest. This difference of opinion will, of course, often occur, but if he can excuse these differences of opinion, there can be no doubt he may occasionally serve us.

We acknowledge to have received A. R.'s letter. Had he sent us his name, in confidence, we should have availed ourselves, and with thanks, of the information: he did not, and we dare not trust to anonymous writers.

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THOUGH the present Publisher was in treaty for the Copyright of this invaluable Work, and had the purchase all but ratified, through the medium of Mr. Everett, the Author's intimate friend, yet it was not till some time after the lamented dissolution of the Author, that the proposed negotiations were finally closed by the Executors; and, being in the possession of that which would otherwise have been his, provided the life of the venerable Doctor had been protracted a little longer, he rejoices, now that his own sun begins to decline, he has the opportunity afforded him of bringing up in the rear of a number of useful publications, which he has presented to the public, a work of such sterling merit. It is one of those propitious circumstances on which he may, perhaps, be permitted innocently to congratulate himself—the prospect of having his career, as a publisher, crowned with an edition of a book so sacred, and by the labours of a Commentator of such celebrity.

In order to secure the confidence of the reader, who is not familiar with the Biblical Writings of Dr. CLARKE, it may be necessary briefly to advert to his preparations for the undertaking of a work of such magnitude, and the obstacles he conquered in the prosecution of a Commentary on the Holy Scriptures. His own record of this is simple, lucid, and interesting.
“At an early age I took for my motto, Proverbs xviii. 1, ‘Through desire, a man, having separated himself, seeketh and intermeddleth with all wisdom.’ Being convinced that the Bible was the source whence all the principles of true wisdom, wherever found in the world, had been derived, my desire to comprehend adequately its great design, and to penetrate the meaning of all its parts, led me to separate myself from every pursuit that did not lead, at least indirectly, to the accomplishment of this end; and while seeking and intermeddling with different branches of human knowledge, I put each study under contribution to the object of my pursuit. I was not content with everything subservient to the information of my own mind, that, as far as Divine Providence might think proper to employ me, I might be the better qualified to instruct others. At first, I read and studied, scarcely committing anything to paper, having my own education alone in view. I could not then hope that anything I wrote could be of sufficient importance to engage the attention or promote the welfare of the public. But, as I proceeded, I thought it best to note down the result of my studies, especially as far as they related to the Septuagint, which, about the year 1765, I began to read regularly, in order to acquaint myself more fully with the phraseology of the New Testament: as I found that this truly venerable Version was that to which our blessed Lord and his Apostles had constant recourse, and from which they made all their quotations. The study of this Version served more to illuminate and expand my mind than all the theological works I had ever consulted. I had proceeded but a short way in it, before I was convinced that the prejudices against it were utterly unfounded, and that it was of incalculable advantage towards a proper understanding of the literal sense of Scripture. About nine years after this, my health having been greatly impaired by the severity of my labours, and fearing that I should soon be obliged to relinquish my public employment, I formed the purpose of writing short Notes on the New Testament, collating the common printed text with all the MSS. and collections from MSS. to which I could have access. Scarcely had I projected this work, when I was convinced that another was previously necessary, viz. a careful perusal of the original Text. I began this; and soon found that it was perfectly possible to read, and not to understand. Under this conviction, I sat down determining to translate the whole, before I attempted any comment, that I might have the sacred Text the more deeply impressed on my memory.

“I accordingly began my translation in June, 1794, and finished it in May, 1795; collating the original Text with all the ancient and with several of the modern Versions; carefully weighing the value of the most important various readings found in those, and in the most authentic copies of the Greek Text. A worse state of health ensuing, I was obliged to remit almost all application to study, and the work was thrown aside for nearly two years; having returned to it, when a state of comparative convalescence took place, I found I had not gone through the whole of my preliminary work. The New Testament, I plainly saw, was a comment on the Old; and to understand such a comment, I knew, it was absolutely necessary to be well acquainted with the Text. I then formed the plan of reading, consecutively, a portion of the Hebrew Bible daily. Accordingly, in January 1797, I began to read the original Text of the Old Testament, noting down on the different books, chapters, and verses, such things as appeared to me of most importance; intending the work as an outline for out on a more extensive scale, should it please God to spare my life, and give me leisure to complete it. This preliminary work I finished in March 1798, having spent in it a little more than one year and two months; in which time I translated every sentence, Hebrew and Chaldean, in the Old Testament. In such a work, it would be absurd to pretend that I had not met with difficulties. I was attempting to illustrate the most ancient and most learned Book in the universe, replete with allusions to arts that are lost,—to nations that are extinct,—to customs that are no longer observed,—and abounding in modes of speech and turns of phraseology, which can only be traced out through the medium of the cognate Asiatic languages. On these accounts I was often much perplexed, but I could not proceed till I had done the utmost in my power to make every thing plain. The frequent occurrence of such difficulties, led me closely to examine and compare all the original Texts and Versions; the Septuagint, the Vulgate, the Arabic, the Syriac, the Armenian, the Ethiopic, and the various other Versions. I derived the most assistance, though all the rest contributed their part in cases of difficulty.

“On May 1, 1799, almost as soon as this work was finished, I began my comment on the four Gospels; and notwithstanding the preparations already made, and my indefatigable application, early and late, to the work, I did not reach the end of the fourth Evangelist, till November in the following year.”

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PARAPHRASE alone—though only a title of what he had contemplated, and exclusive of his Bibliographical Dictionary, Miscellany, and Succession of Sacred Literature, displays an instance of rapid and extensive reading but seldom exhibited, and is no insignificant proof of his qualifications for the work he had undertaken. While his plan—which is dissimilar to all others, evinces the originality of his mind, the execution of its various parts is an attestation of his acuteness, energy, and comprehensive views. To the work, as a whole, the complimentary address of David to the priest, in reference to the sword of Goliath, may be very properly applied.—“There is none like” it. Without all attempting to depreciate the value of others, which possess different degrees of merit, it takes the same stand among the works of other Commentators, that Dr. Johnson's Dictionary occupies among the works of other English Lexicographers. Like an Encyclopedia, it is a library of itself.

The learning and criticisms with which the Notes abound, render the work a proper companion for the general scholar; of which no other proof is necessary, than the fact of the work being quoted as an authority by the learned—a compliment generally reserved for the great after their demise, but which Dr. Clarke commanded while living, and had it dealt out to him with liberality. The *Discourse*, especially, will find himself amply repaid by a perusal of its pages; and though the *Discourse* may make use of the Doctor, “A HELP to the better UNDERSTANDING of the SACRED WRITINGS,” he will obtain such aid there, as no other source can so amply afford. It is a Treasury, in which are to be found “things new and old.” A Magazine, in which the author has deposited knowledge, which he has brought “from afar.” Adapted, however, as it is, for the Scholar and the Christian Minister, it would have been a reflection upon the writer, as well as have greatly depreciated the usefulness of his labours, if he had not had an eye to the general good of man. He has been careful, therefore, not to exclude from among his readers the less educated of his fellow-creatures. The *Notes* must be taken up with the work, and peruse it with profit in private; the *Hand of a family* will find it an admirable means of instruction for his household. In this are perceived both the wisdom and piety of the author. Hence he remarks: “Having endeavoured to set many things and words in a more striking point of view than is ordinarily done, I have, of course, been obliged to introduce those words from the originals, on which my criticisms are founded. But, in this I have studied to be as plain and intelligible as possible. The most uninformed reader cannot stumble at anything of this kind he may meet; for, though these terms are printed in the characters of their respective languages, I have taken care to give the true reading of each in European letters; and I introduce nothing without a translation.” This renders the work peculiarly valuable, and confers upon it such a character, that it may not be improperly styled “Every Man's Book;” and the more so, inasmuch as it is considered, agreeably to the Doctor's own statement, that the *Controversies* among religious people are rarely noticed; having seldom referred to the Creed of any sect or party of Christians, and never produced an opinion merely for the sake of establishing it, or opposing it, its confutation. “I simply,” says he, “propose what I believe to be the meaning of a passage; and maintain what I believe to be the truth, but scarcely ever in a controversial way. I think it quite possible to give my own views of the Doctrines of the Bible, without introducing a single sentence at which any Christian might reasonably take offence. And I hope that no provocation which I may receive, shall induce me to depart from this line of conduct.” Here, then, is a work properly for the CHRISTIAN WORLD.

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